

JOHN BULL



"Yes—there are many reasons

**Why 'Ovaltine' is
the World's most popular
Food Beverage"**

'OVALTINE' enjoys an outstanding reputation as the tonic food beverage for promoting good health. Its delicious goodness is consumed daily by countless thousands of families, because they have proved that its powers to build up and to maintain strength and vitality are supreme. What are the reasons for this overwhelming preference?

The pre-eminence of 'Ovaltine' has been gained by sheer merit alone. No other food beverage conveys such a wealth of nourishment so quickly to body, brain and nerves. 'Ovaltine' is unequalled in its abundance of the protective vitamins and other important nutritive elements. It is exceptionally rich in proteins, calcium, iron, energising carbohydrates and nerve-building phosphorus.

Over 15 million new-laid eggs are used each year in 'Ovaltine' because of their richness in valuable nerve-building elements. It is emphasised that no tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.

'Ovaltine' is unique as a complete and perfect food made from ingredients of the highest quality. For example, the 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm and Dairy Farm—the finest of their kind in the country—were specially established in the interests of 'Ovaltine' quality.

For all these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your daily beverage from now onwards. It is supreme for building up vitality and resistance to Winter ailments. Remember that there is nothing like 'Ovaltine.' Although imitations are made to look like 'Ovaltine,' there are very important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

P294 A



The 'Ovaltine' Factory in a Country Garden

The Ovaltine Dairy farm with its renowned herd of prize-winning Jersey Cows

The Ovaltine Egg farm extending over 150 acres and with accommodation for 100,000 birds

Start the 'Ovaltine' habit NOW and smile through the Winter

SOUTHERNS
UNIVERSAL HOUSE CHRISTCHURCH

Accordions

ALL FAMOUS MAKES

Yours for 1/- Weekly

Highest grade Orchestral Accordion. Rich musical quality. Constructed, tuned and treated by specialists. As played by famous Dance Band Leaders.

FREE first lesson for beginners under Prof. Rossi's system. **EASY TO PLAY! EASY TO PAY!** Small deposit secures. All new stock. Fully guaranteed. **Limit Free.**

YEWDALL'S STORES, Ltd., 100, NORTH ST., LEEDS.

RADIO All leading makes. Can last for years. (Some 1000 Watts). **FREE GIFTS** with the famous **YEWDALL'S** 20 weekly 1/11 FREE!

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

the easiest and best way of keeping your family together these winter nights. Table sent, carriage paid, on 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. As you play. Write for Art List showing Riley "Home" Billiard Tables and Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables in sizes for every home. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. **E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 11, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.**

32 BILLIARD TABLES FREE! Write for details and Price List.

WHY PAY CASH

WHEN YEWDALLS OFFER

QUALITY TAILORING

OVERCOATS from 45/-; 4/- monthly. Suits to measure 55/-; 5/- monthly. Perfectly cut for you by expert men cutters. No mass production. You buy direct. No extra for Credit.

LADIES' WINTER COATS trimmed or untrimmed, for fabric or fur. Smart halloweats, gowns, etc. Many bargains in glorious FURS. **FREE ON APPROVAL.** Pay only if satisfied, from 4/- monthly. Reduced terms for combined Ladies' & Gent's account. Send for patterns.

52 PAGE CATALOGUE GRATIS

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DE LUXE

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Buy the Broadcaster, "the Mouth Organ with the Golden Tone."

Vamper, 20 reeds, 1/11. Tremolo, 20 reeds, 1/11. 32, 40 and 48 reeds—2/6, 2/6 and 3/6. 54, 60 and 66 reeds (double sided), 5/6, 4/- and 5/6. Curved Tremolo, 20 and 32 reeds, 2/- and 2/6. Broadcaster Chromatic, 5/-. Individually tuned and tested, beautifully designed and decorated and packed in hinged box.

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Practical" Brussels **REAL SHAGGERS WOVEN CARPETS**. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-somely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary room.

They are made of material equal to wool, and being a specialty of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unqualified testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. **SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 9/-, Cash Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.**

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FOR YOUR SAFETY

FOR 6/- DEPOSIT

Cycle in security with a Brilliant Electric Light both Front and Rear. With this Dynamo Lighting Set you make your own Electric Current as you ride. Penetrating head lamp with reflector, officially efficient tail light. All Chromium-plated fittings. Price includes leads, fittings, bulbs and reserve storage Battery for emergency use. Hand Switch operated. You send only 6/- deposit and 6d. for postage for free approval. Balance 1/6 fortnightly until 17/6 is paid, or 16/3 cash. Deposit refunded if not approved. Also another cheaper, 15/6.

J. A. DAVIS & Co. (Dept. J.B. 2), 94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, E.E.3.

SEND NO MONEY

Have this famous Jewelled Capped Keywind Lever Watch on FREE APPROVAL.

Time to a Minute a Month.

Nickel Silver Double Hinge Case. Patent removable Dust Cap. Fully Warranted 15 Years.

£330 - 22/-

We will send this Watch upon receipt of your name and address. If satisfactory, send 2/- and balance 1/- fortnightly until 24/- is paid. Pull cash after approval 22/- only. Jewellery List Free.

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BETTER THAN EVER—SEND TO ME NOW—TESTIMONIALS ARRIVING DAILY FROM PURCHASERS OF MYIMPROVED LAYETTE

Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes

75 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawls, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wirey Day Gowns, L. Cloth, Flan. or Wirey Nighties, Best W. Vests, Back-Flannel, Hand Knit Woolies, Mat. Coats, Trunks, Sets, Turk Napkins, Square Covers, etc.

SEND 2/- FOR PAPER ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J.B. HOWARD, 64, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Set, complete in its own mind at need. Better than the costly practice of buying a little here and a little there, finally finding items overlooked.

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FOR REAL VALUE

Offer the finest ALL-BATTERY Wireless Sets at Marzain Prices, including Battery and All-Mains Receivers. Any set sent **ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID.** Write now for my beautifully illustrated Art Catalogue.

Edwin Aspin, Ltd. 117, WINDSOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

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Please send me the Free Books marked with a X.

1. Book of Watches
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J.B.21/11/36

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BE SURE TO SEND for your copies today, and save pounds this Xmas on better gifts than ever! All the lovely treasures illustrated are marked at the lowest Direct-from-Factory Cash Prices and are obtainable from his factory or 80 Branches on a whole month's FREE TRIAL under H. Samuel's Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee!

The diamonds in H. Samuel's lovely rings are set in platinum and mounted in 18 ct. solid gold by H. Samuel's own craftsmen. Fully warranted! H. Samuel watches from 5/- to 250 are timed and tested by his own experts and fully guaranteed for spot-on accuracy!

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YOU CAN NOW OBTAINABLE ON EASY TERMS

SOLID GOLD WATCHES

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

Why risk nondescript unreliable watches. For as little as 1/6d. deposit you can own a world-renowned "Time." Guaranteed 10 years in working simply send deposit and name and address. If satisfied, balance in easy instalments or write for catalogue Ladies' & Gent's Watches, Diamond Rings, etc. Same Easy Terms. "Same Easy Terms." K. CUTBUSH, 11, GERRARD STREET, GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1.

3 DAYS HOME APPRO

HOHNER

THE WORLD'S BEST

Cut out this advertisement and send it to **HOHNER CONCESSIONAIRES LTD. (J.B.), 179, Tottenham Ct. Road, London, W.1,** and receive post free beautifully illustrated Coloured Brochure of New Season's Models.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

H. SAMUEL HAPPINESS DIAMOND RINGS

42! 35! 15! 52/6 35! 15! 35! 15!

£5

GRAVES

Fine Quality Bale Beats the World For Supreme Value

Two Great British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with Blue borders, whipped ends 68 x 88in, 7/11b pair; Two All-White luxury Flannel Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pair. Two pure White Pillow Cases, 30 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in. Two Grey Flannel Towel Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair. One Alhambra Quilt, 73x94in. Complete Carriage Paid. 2/6 Now, 2/6 Monthly. 42/- Drapery Catalogue Free. **J. & GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD**

3/6 NOW

SET OF BOXING GLOVES

1/- DOWN You may be another Jack Dempsey or Jimmy Wilde. Fortune and Fame may await you. Anyway, it's great sport to "knock spots" on the other fellow. Here's the first offer yet made of a superlative Set of 4 Leather Boxing Gloves—men's size, Sheepskin Cover, Split Heel Palm, Grip Bar and Laces—for 1/- down and balance 1/- weekly (15/- in all), or 14/- Cash. Don't wait in a queue for a turn with the Gloves at the Gym. Have your own. Great fun, good health, more muscle and a handful of answers to the bully. Life with a punch, boy—that's the stuff to give 'em. Send your 1/- to-day to:

PENGO & CO., 117, Manchester Rd., London, W.14

PIANO ACCORDION EFFECTS

THIS SPACIOUS SOUND CHANGING SERIES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

POST 3/-

ITS AMAZING—THIS VOLUME CONTROL

Straight from the Continent! The marvellous Accordion Harp Harmonica, as used by bands and professionals. Note the large polished wood sound chamber, which amplifies and controls the tremolo tuned deep bass and rich treble chords, giving amazing volume just like a mighty organ. Bound in handsome coloured lacquered mother-of-pearl, with plated fittings, this full-size brass-reeded Harmonica is a most powerful magnificent instrument on which you can quickly play any tunes with realistic piano-accordion effects. Wonderful value.

Wm. PENN Ltd. (Dept. 22), 623, Holloway Road, London, N. 19.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

22-16-9 PROFIT ON 5/3

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want fun for Chubby, Clebs, Fats or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 300-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes 22-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and 21-5-9 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit sharing plan are making 25 to 50 weekly. **WHY NOT YOU?** Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board post and illustrated price list. **3/9 post free.**

BURDON HUNTER (Punchboard Specialist), 46J, Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C.3. TRADE SUPPLIED.

DART BOARD

WEIGHT 17 LBS. FULL SIZE

Super Professional Model as used by "crack" players, 34 in. circumference, correctly marked in bright colours (Red, Blue, Black), with rounded metal sections and figures. The most popular of indoor games. The more you play it the more you like it. Practice daily and become a "Darts Champ"—the fellow who wins all the big money prizes. No better fun than a game of darts in your own home. Keeps the family at home and saves money on amusements. All you need NOW is 1/- for immediate delivery, post paid. Balance 2/- fortnightly (15/- in all) or 14/- cash. Make it brass "London" or Feathered Darts required. Note our only address.

(A) INGRAMS (London), Ltd., 72, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

Superlative DRESS WATCH

CITY MODEL

40hrs for 1/- down

40hrs for 1/- down

Finely Jewelled Swiss Lever, Non-magnetic, Shockproof, 40-hour movement. Unbreakable glass. Perfect Timekeeper (10 years guarantee). Terms 1/- deposit and 1/- per week until 25/- has been paid. Cash price 30/- only. (Ladies' model same price and terms.) Real Skin strap applied. Free. Prices do not apply to I.F.S. Anglo Swiss Products (Service), Limited (Dept. J.B. 8), 10-20, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, S.W.1.

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Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No 25, illustrating various new features and complete Terms of Purchase. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

SPECIAL SALE PRICES WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!	Lth.	Width	Ht.	Cash	Dep 12 pnts.
STEEL TIED ROOFS! <td>10</td> <td>7</td> <td>8</td> <td>25/00</td> <td>5/- 9/4</td>	10	7	8	25/00	5/- 9/4
	12	8	8	25/17	6/- 10/11
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MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS 7, West Street, Erith, Kent. (Opp. Thames Steam Saw Mills Ltd.) (Established 1874)

1/- BOOK ON RUG-MAKING

FREE

Contains 164 RUG DESIGNS in COLOUR. Hints on Rug-making illustrated by numerous photographs, etc. We also send you 100 FREE SAMPLES OF

READICUT RUG WOOLS

The Wools you buy direct from the mills cut into lengths ready for use. Send now, enclosing 2d. stamps (for postage, etc.)—**READICUT WOOL CO. LTD., Dept 154 GERRY VORKE**

This Fashionable DRESS WATCH

NOTE THIN CASE

A copy of a most expensive model and made by a World-famous firm renowned for quality. Splendid lever movement, tested for accuracy, modestly cased in mirror polished chrome with plain dial and seconds hand. A watch you will be proud to show. Send only 1/- then 1/- weekly till 11/6 is paid, or 10/6 cash with order. Send for bargain list.

FAIR DEAL (Dept. J.B.3) 54, Westbourne Grove, LONDON, W.2.

YOU MUST ACT NOW!

**ADVENTURE!
FAIRYLAND!
MAGIC! FABLES!
GREAT DEEDS!
FUN! LEGENDS!
FOLK STORIES!
POEMS! etc., etc.**

Modern Wonder Stories

The Convict and the Cleric—
Pinocchio—The Toytown
Treasure—The Treasure of St.
Giles—What the Bees Heard—
Cat's Trousers—The Royal
Magician—Teddy Bear's Bee
Tree—The Tortoise that
Talked—How a Scullion Won
Honour—The Rajah's Pearls—
The Magic Shop—Christmas
Pantomime.

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Hop o' My Thumb—The
Fairy Cobbler—A Merry
Christmas—Jack and the
Beanstalk—Lorna Doone
(abridged)—The Boyhood of
David Copperfield (retold).

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales

Thumbelina—The Bottle Neck
—The Rose Elf—What the
Moon Saw—The Fir Tree—
The Girl Who Trod on the
Loaf—The Shepherdess and the
Sweep.

Grimm's Fairy Tales

The Blue Light—The Young
Giant—The Elves—The Two
King's Children—The Nix of
the Mill Pond.

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The Little Shoe—The Three
Gifts—The Herd Boy—The
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Great Stories from the World's Great Books

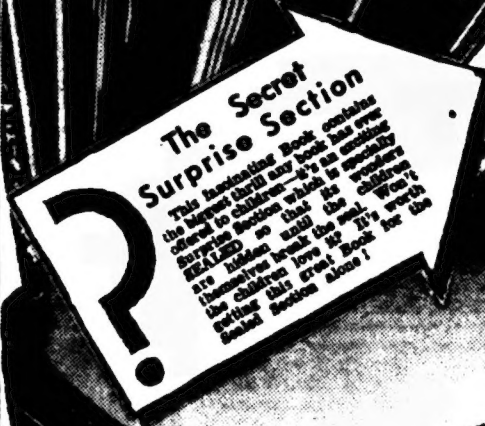
Madame Beck—Hamlet—
Home for the Holidays—Bo-
fin's Bower—Mr. Minna and
his Cousins—The Panic—The
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Great Tales and Poems of Romance, Adventure, Mystery and Fantasy

The Great Stone Face—
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Telling—A Pennyworth of
Plaster—The Picaroon—The
Rescue—Elephants—The
First Lesson—Professor
Frankton Has Visitors—The
Coward—The Missing Exam.
Paper—Rab and his Friends—
The Waterfall—The Misses
Brown—Lord Garling's Wig—
Prince Comma—September
Grasshopper Green—The Pig-
tail—Shut the Door—Spring
Song—Ode to the West Wind—
The Village Schoolmaster—
Night—Allen—a Dale—Rich
and Rare Were the Gems She
Wore—Bermudas—Saint Gre-
gory's Guest—Sir Galahad—
Green Broom—The Pet Lamb—
The Brown Owl—May Morn-
ing—The Yellow—Haird
Liddle—The Outlaw—Past and
Present—Bendemeer's Stream—
How They Brought the Good
News from Ghent to Aix—Old
Grey Squirrel—The Fiddler of
Dooney—

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On the right is the lovely
De Luxe "Big Christmas
Wonder Book." It mea-
sures 10½ in. deep by
7½ in. wide. It is bound
in Rich Blue Faced Art.
Leather, embossed
on spine in
real 22-Ct. GOLD



**THE BIG
CHRISTMAS
WONDER
BOOK**

**768
PAGES**

**OVER 350
ILLUSTRATIONS**
Entirely NEW Wonder Work
for the Children

GUARANTEE

A copy of this wonderful book
is Guaranteed to all applicants
provided their Final Reservation
Forms on opposite page reach
"John Bull" by not later than
the date specified on the Form—
Saturday, November 28th.

FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

"THE BIG CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK"

Fascinating! Something Entirely New!

THIS week "John Bull" publishes below the Final Reservation Forms for its Great Christmas Gift for the children, "THE **BIG** CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK." So tremendous has been the demand for this wonderful work that the Forms below are the **very last** to appear. Fathers and mothers, big sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles, act at once! **THIS IS YOUR VERY LAST CHANCE TO** secure for a child YOU love a work that is not only the most fascinating book in the world for boys and girls, but also the most astounding bargain. In the ordinary way you would gladly pay one guinea for this wonderful gold-embossed volume, yet a copy is **GUARANTEED** for you for the amazingly low price of only 2s. 9d. (plus 1/-, which includes cost of carriage, packing and insurance, etc.), provided your application is received by **NOT** later than the date specified on the Final Reservation Form below. You send no money now. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Don't be too late. Post forms below **TO-DAY!**



768 THRILLING PAGES—OVER 350 WONDERFUL ILLUSTRATIONS

Never before offered to the public—this "Wonder Book" is something really extra good. Never before have the Children had such a beautiful and thrilling Book. Just think what it contains:—

Over 350 wonderful illustrations by famous artists—including **MORE COLOUR PLATES THAN EVER**. And the Contents! Just look at the list on the page on your left—and remember that it is only a *peep* at the treasures in this book! Here too, is a new idea—something fascinating and right out of the ordinary which no boy or girl should miss.

A SECRET SURPRISE!

THE BOOK HAS A SECRET SURPRISE SECTION—A SPECIAL SECTION IN THE CENTRE OF THE BOOK ALL IN FULL COLOURS AND CLOSED WITH A SEAL SO THAT NO ONE EXCEPT THE YOUNG OWNER MAY OPEN IT. Imagine the delight of a child you love on Christmas morning when you give this unique book.

There is an entirely new collection of treasures of storyland not to be found in any other Christmas book issued by "John Bull." Here are old favourites... modern masterpieces which everyone should read. An irresistible array of adventure, glittering deeds and high romance... created by some of the greatest masters of the pen, gay with pictures by famous artists.

WORLD'S GREATEST WRITERS

Look at the famous writers whose stories are in this book. They represent the world's greatest writers of children's stories. If you had compiled this book yourself you would have chosen these:—

Hans Andersen, Louisa M. Alcott, Lord Tennyson, Rudyard Kipling, J. S. Fletcher, Charles Dickens, The Brothers Grimm, George Eliot, Captain Marryat, Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Fenimore Cooper, Charlotte Brontë, Thomas Hood, Oliver Goldsmith, Rose Fyleman, Stephen Southwold, George Borrow, Charles and Mary Lamb, Thomas Moore, Robert Browning, W. B. Yeats, H. G. Wells, Alfred Noyes, Hugh Walpole, etc., etc.

WORLD-FAMOUS ARTISTS

And the hundreds of illustrations—by great artists such as T. Heath Robinson, Anne Anderson, Margaret Tulloch, Joyce Mercer, etc.

The book measures 10½ inches deep by 7½ inches wide, and it is printed throughout in large, easily readable type on fine quality opaque paper. What a feast for the children! This book surpasses anything you've ever seen. There are two beautiful Editions of this work:—

The Standard Edition has stiff covers bound in gay Red Morocco Grained Cloth. The title is embossed on the spine in **REAL 22-CARAT GOLD**, a striking design is embossed on the spine and front of the volume. **THE BOOK HAS A FULL-COLOUR FRONTISPIECE AND 12 MAGNIFICENT WHOLE-PAGE PLATES IN FULL COLOURS.** There are end-papers printed in three colours, and a decorative title page—**all specially drawn by René Bull.** **FOR THE STANDARD EDITION** you send only 2/9 plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing and insurance, etc., making 3/9 in all.

Do Not Separate Forms—CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Magnificent de Luxe Edition

Everyone wants the best for the children—especially at Christmastime. "John Bull" has therefore arranged for a limited supply of a sumptuous **De Luxe Edition**—the most luxurious Children's Book imaginable. It has stiff covers, bound in Rich Blue Figured Art Leather, with the title embossed on the spine in **REAL 22-CARAT GOLD**. The spine and the front also bear an embossed design. The volume has decorative end-papers printed in three colours and a beautiful title page, and comes to you in a lovely full-colour jacket wrapper specially designed by René Bull. This volume, while looking extra specially gay and handsome, will stand any amount of hard wear. This Edition is enriched by a full-colour frontispiece and

23 MAGNIFICENT FULL-PAGE PLATES PRINTED IN FULL COLOURS.

For the De Luxe Edition you send only 3/9 plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 4/9 in all. Just a little extra, but a really astounding bargain.

DO THIS NOW—AND HURRY

Remember, you send no money now! Simply fill in your name and address on the Final Reservation Form below and send it in at once, with your Christmas Gift Token—the only one you need—and the Label bearing a halfpenny stamp, to "John Bull." Be sure to indicate which edition you want—Standard or De Luxe—this is important.

Upon receipt of your Reservation Form, with Christmas Gift Token and Label, "John Bull" will send you your Official Privilege Voucher entitling you to take advantage of this Privilege Offer—you then send in your remittance, and your volume, now actually coming off the press, will be dispatched to you the moment it is ready.

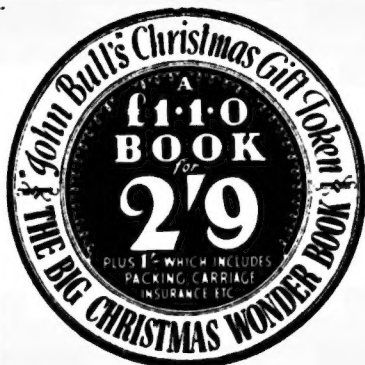
NOW OR NEVER!

It's a case of **NOW** or **NEVER**. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. **POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE.**

**FATHERS!
MOTHERS!
UNCLES! AUNTS!
GRANDMOTHERS!**

Think of the joy of a child you love when you present this thrilling Book on Christmas morning. Don't be too late.

**POST
TO-DAY**



"THE BIG CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK" FINAL RESERVATION FORM

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

The label on the right will be used for sending to you your Privilege Voucher. You must fill in this Label with your name and full postal address in Block Letters and affix halfpenny stamp to space provided.

To: Dept. J.C.3, "JOHN BULL,"
6-7, GT. EARL ST., LONDON, W.C.2

I apply for "The BIG Christmas Wonder Book," and send my Christmas Gift Token. Please reserve a volume in my name and send me an Official Privilege Voucher. I have indicated below Edition—Standard or De Luxe—I require.

X STANDARD EDITION You MUST cross out Edition NOT required. **DE LUXE EDITION X**

Write Clearly in Block Letters.
NAME
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS
DATE

Post this Form, with Label and Token, in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.
The latest date for receipt of applications from this announcement is Saturday, November 28th.
This offer applies only to residents in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State.
Residents in Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.
"John Bull," 21/11/36.

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

NAME
(In Block Letters)

Full Postal ADDRESS

J.C.3.

G.W.B.

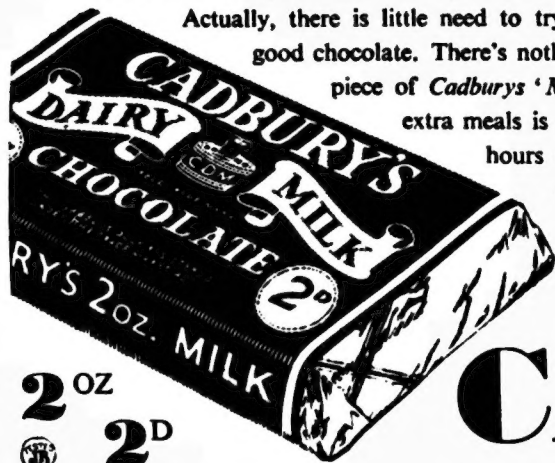
Too big a gap 'twixt the mid-day meal and tea

Eat more often

'Every two or three hours'

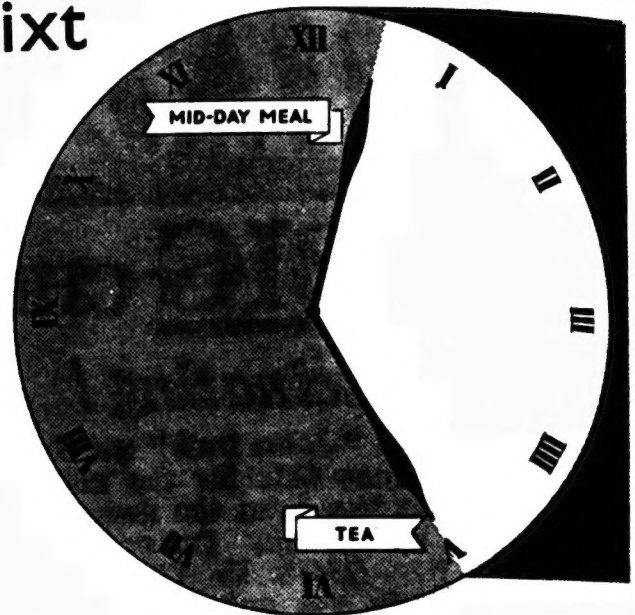
... SAY THE DOCTORS

We're all prepared to accept the fact that our meals are too far apart. We know now that we could increase our working capacity—cut out these 'flat patches'—if we could fit extra meals into the long foodless gaps that occur during the day. But how many of us are able to reorganise our working lives to do this? . . .



2 OZ
2^D

Actually, there is little need to try—as long as we like good chocolate. There's nothing easier than to eat a piece of Cadbury's 'Milk' when one of these extra meals is due; say, two to three hours after lunch, when the energy that meal pro-



duced begins to flag. There's enough good, balanced nourishment in Cadbury's Milk Chocolate to keep us going full steam ahead until the next main meal. Not many foods have as much energy value as the cacao bean—the main ingredient of chocolate; and Cadbury's combine it with fresh, rich British milk, making it doubly valuable. A glass and a half of milk goes into each half-pound block of chocolate.

Note that the doctors tell us to 'eat more often' NOT to 'eat more food.'

KEEP GOING ON

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

*Property of a Person
who now has*

Healthy Gums and Sparkling Teeth

GIBBS "S.R." TOOTH PASTE has helped to clear up the worst cases of Gingivitis and Pyorrhoea and so saved sound teeth from extraction—restored gums to their natural state of firm pink healthiness.

Gibbs "S.R." is equally effective for the teeth. The vital substance it contains, destroys mouth poisons, removes stains, does not damage enamel, and leaves the teeth a brilliant white.

Use Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste with Gibbs newest product:

GIBBS PYRAMID TOOTH BRUSH

Designed in collaboration with a famous Dental Surgeon. Double curved handle makes awkward areas easy to clean. Blended curves of brushing surface fit all tooth surfaces—inner as well as outer. Specially inclined bristles (hard or medium) give resilience without harshness and clean between the teeth as well as the exposed surfaces. Wide spacing of bristles for thorough rinsing and quick drying.

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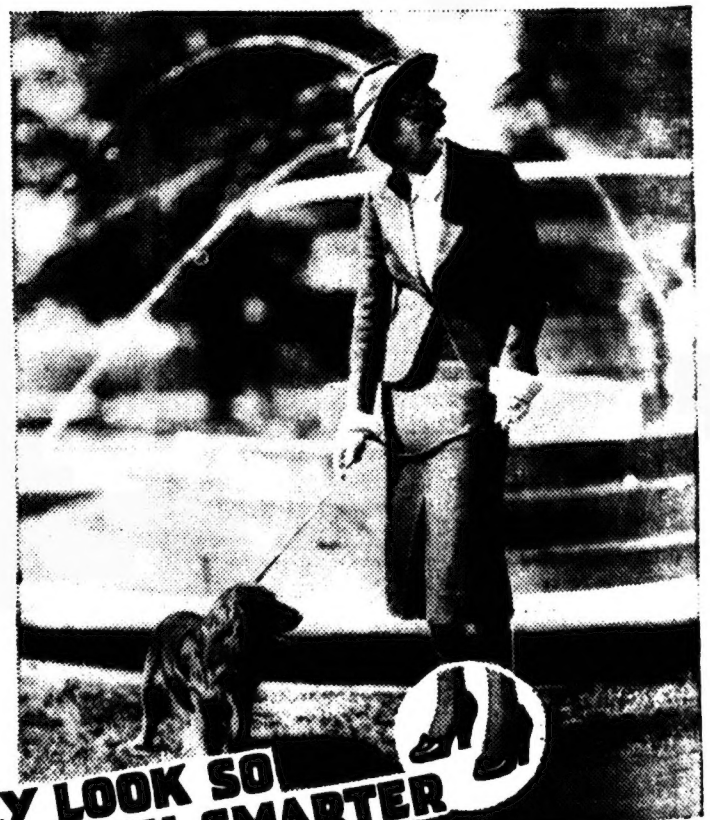
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

FROM OUR READERS

THERE is no justification for adhering to the national practice of paying salaries, wages, unemployment benefit, pensions, etc., on Friday.

If Thursday was made the general pay-day, shopping could be conducted more leisurely and to greater advantage. Shopkeepers and their assistants would also benefit by better judgment of stock, easier distribution and absence of pressure.—Mrs. A. M. F., High Row North, Stocksfield-on-Tyne.

Employers' organisations might well consider this change. In some areas Saturday is still pay day.

Sensible

FEW people are able to render the first-aid which must be given correctly and quickly in cases of poisoning.

On the label of every dangerous drug or poison bottle there should be simple but effective directions for the application of an antidote lest the contents are taken by mischance. The saving of life and suffering would be immense.—G. WILKINS, 7, Talbot Road, Bearwood, Smethwick.

Home Office authorises us to state that it commends Mr. Wilkins' suggestion to the pharmaceutical trade.



Faux Pas

AS my three-year-old son has shown keen interest in the origin of meats served to him, I thought I was being educational in teaching him to identify the dishes by sounds—baa for lamb, moo for beef, grunt for pork, clucking for fowl, and so on.

Last Sunday he lunched out with me for the first time at a friend's house. Our hostess served some delicious cold meat and I was appalled when my infant, after the first mouthful, neighed like a horse!—Mrs. C. T., Richmond Road, Handsworth, Sheffield.

How would Sonny identify oysters?

It Should Be

MY husband has been dangerously ill with pneumonia. His panel doctor told me to give him brandy in frequent

small doses and this treatment undoubtedly saved his life.

Now, a quartern of brandy costs half-a-crown, which is the exact sum my husband's approved society pays him daily when he is sick.

Why should panel doctors not be empowered to prescribe brandy as a medicine in cases of desperate illness and the cost be met, like other medicines, from National Health Insurance funds?—Mrs. KATE MAJOR, Plumstead Road, Woolwich, S.E.

Chemists should also be able to supply brandy in medicinal doses, free of duty, upon production of a doctor's prescription.

Domestic Mem.

DURING the next few months many poor families will be hard put to it to provide fires, especially as coal prices are rising.

The following hint has helped many needy homes:

Collect lots of waste paper and soak it for a few hours in water until it goes to pulp. Then form the paper into balls about the size of an orange and leave to dry and harden. These will keep a good heat-giving fire going for hours.—Mrs. SPENCER, Oxford Avenue, Mutley, Plymouth.

Too Much of This

I HAVE paid my rent and rates regularly and in full to the landlord. Now I have been summoned for non-payment of rates and the collector states that the court order will be enforced by seizing the contents of my home.

I am liable to pay twice because the landlord has kept the portion paid for rates and refuses to hand it over.—B. F. J., Willerby Road, Hull.

A common scandal. Produce rent receipts and court will suspend order. Remedy is to deduct rates arrears from future rent payments.

King's Houses

IN many areas the local authorities have already decided to impose a penny rate to meet the cost of cleaning up their towns and to provide street decoration at the Coronation celebration.

This extra taxation would be sufficient to endow a scheme that is sorely needed

Pulse Of Our Postbag

PREPONDERATING in the Letter Bag this week are readers' comments on the recent John Bull article "What Jesus Would Do To-day," by the Rev. Dr. C. M. Sheldon.

Most correspondents disagree violently with Dr. Sheldon's statement that the first act of Jesus would be to call a national conference of churches and clergy.

Organised Christianity, they say, has been so beset by strife, squabbling and sterile doctrine that its leaders would be passed by.

Common criticism is that Jesus would not consult churches which give their blessing to flags, guns, battalions, and the paraphernalia and spirit of war.

Jesus would, many believe, be persecuted and prosecuted by Church and State for seditious and subversive propaganda and His cross would be heavier than the one He bore to Mount Calvary.

Numerous letters suggest that the authorities would suppress Him by the exercise of the lunacy laws.

everywhere—the provision of small two-room cottages which could be let to old age and elderly war pensioners at 2s. 6d. or 3s. weekly, so that they could preserve their dignity and be independent of poor law relief.

If called the King's Houses, they would form the worthiest possible commemoration.—Mrs. N. HOLDNESS, Blackswarth Road, Redfield, Bristol.

Numerous readers make similar suggestions.

Whose Fault?

I AM one of ten thousand men employed at one centre mixing high explosives and filling bombs and shells. We have to work with such tasty materials as nitro-glycerine, picric acid, tri-nitro-toluene, trotyl, fulminate of mercury and many other deadly conglomerations.

Our work is dangerous to body and mind, but our pay and privileges are less than the clerks who add up our earnings. And there is no pension for the manual workers in the arsenals.—S. G. JOHN, Benares Road, S.E.18.

"Danger Area" workers are notoriously reluctant to organise themselves in trade unions.



Try Them Out

DOCTORS, lawyers, accountants and other professional people have to be tested again and again before being considered qualified to practise.

But Parliamentary candidates are not required to undergo any kind of examination before they set out to help or hinder in the government of their fellows.

They should at least be called upon to pass an elementary test of their knowledge of the existing laws and of social problems.—ANGUS M. WATT, 4, Dalcross Street, Glasgow, W.1.

The nation might be disfranchised for want of eligible candidates.

Soldier's Reward

THREE weeks ago I was discharged from the Regular Army after twelve years' service.

Before being sent home from Malta on furlough pending discharge, I had to deposit the amount of my return passage, which is refundable.

I cannot get any of the money from the authorities yet and not a cent of my service pay and credits is forthcoming. Of course, no work is available, but I cannot get "dole" because I have not been passed for benefit.

My wife and two children are hungry. I went to the Public Assistance Committee, produced my discharge and certi-

ficate of character, and asked cash relief for them, even as a loan until I receive my service dues. They have turned me away and told me to seek succour from my relatives.—W. H. LISSONS, D.S.M., Woodside Lane, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.

Sir Thomas Inskip, Defence Minister, intensely regrets that youth is not responding to the call of the Army.



Gran'dad Says . . .

I AM eighty-five years old and have two criticisms to make of the younger generation:

(1) Not one in ten knows how to cycle properly. They ride middle-foot and even on their heels and don't use their ankle-joints like the old-timers. Most are splay-footed.

(2) The sorry spectacle they make in exhibiting so many bald pates. I have still a lot of hair (just turning grey), because I have massaged my head twice a week for fifty years. Macassar oil was great stuff.—T. O., Welholme Road, Grimsby.

Reader's photograph and birth certificate, which he encloses, provide full testimony to his own merits.

Secret Out

MY husband and I adopted a baby girl whom we have loved as if she were our own.

She has never had reason to suppose that we are not her natural parents. We fostered the belief because the law helped us to secure her without fear of losing her.

Now, at the threshold of young womanhood, she has had to obtain a copy of her birth certificate for employment purposes.

Two hearts fell out when she brought it home and silently displayed it. Across the top in large black type are the words, "Adopted Children's Certificate."—Mrs. M. A., Causewayside, Edinburgh, 9.

Cruel in this case; but necessary as evidence in inheritance disputes.

Write to 'John Bull' About It

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE HUMAN MACHINE



DON'T let Life cheat you!

It can cheat you, very easily. It can lead you on to chase hopes and aspirations and ambitions that always seem to be just round the corner, but which you somehow never seem to attain. If you're not careful, you'll find that all your energy has gone in the chasing and none in achievement.

Life will always cheat you if you imagine that ambition is something to be realized at one bound. Life will always cheat you if you believe that hopes can be found whole at the foot of a rainbow.

It's not as easy as that. It's not like suddenly picking up a nugget of gold. It's more like painting a picture, slowly and painfully, bit by bit, inch by inch, a picture that can never be complete until it is absolutely finished.

You can't hurry it. It's bound to be slow. Disappointed hopes and frustrated ambitions are mostly the victims of impatience—or, and there is a difference, lack of patience.

People erect magnificent bridges, not by waving wands and performing miracles, but by planning first, and then slowly and painfully laying brick to brick, girder to girder, according to that plan. And that's the only way that you can stop Life cheating you. You've got to plan for what you want. And then you've got to work for it.

And what you'll find in the end, if you plan and work thoroughly and methodically, is that whether you ever reach the goal or whether you don't you'll extract from Life all the happiness and fun you want.

That's the way to get it—and there's no other.

*Give me Craven "A"—
in my opinion
there's nothing to
touch them for
quality!*



*For COOLNESS
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Five Blots on YOUR Conscience

EVERY day scandals and abuses come to your notice. Most of them have gone on ever since you can remember. You read of them in the newspapers; they crop up to rouse your anger as you talk with your friends.

They could all be so easily cured. Yet successive Governments, in successive sessions of Parliament, shy at tackling them.

The remedy lies in your own hands. Make yourself a nuisance to officialdom. Denounce, loudly, those hoary old scandals whenever you come across them, write to your local M.P., write to JOHN BULL. Do something—don't just sit still saying, "Well, the Government does nothing, so it can't be helped."

Wipe the blots off your conscience by wiping the blots off the nation's conscience. Here are five obvious and ancient abuses which you could tackle and cure if you really meant business.

BLOT 1 Why does Authority continue passively to blanket every proposal to extend the grounds for divorce and to bring our matrimonial laws into line with those of other countries? Every ordinary person knows that they are out of date, unjust and indecent.

In this country live more than seventy thousand men or women bound in marriage to persons who are incurably insane or serving life-sentences in prison. At a low estimate, a hundred thousand are tied to drug addicts, drunkards and those whose greatest pleasure comes from cruelty to others. Thirty thousand more remain legally wedded to persons who have long since vanished.

Not one of this great multitude can obtain release. All of them, as Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, puts it, are "in the grip of the dead hand of obsolete or obsolescent law."

When Authority must speak of this problem, it mumbles something about "difficulties," about "the conflicting views of the Churches," and ends up by loudly declaring that there must be "stronger safeguards against collusion and perjury in the Divorce Court." Then silence for a few more years.

So long as adultery remains the only ground for divorce, the courts are bound to be sodden with perjury, cheated by brazen collusion and drenched in hypocrisy.

BLOT 2 This is the wretched plight, under the present law, of the deserted wife and her children.

In Britain no fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand women and half a million children are living on police court maintenance orders which errant husbands and fathers can treat with contempt.

The police have neither the time nor, in many cases, the power to enforce these orders, and chief constables everywhere are in revolt against the responsibilities imposed upon them.

This blot can be easily wiped out. The

simple solution lies in the fact that when a deserted family has to enter the workhouse, the poor law machinery does not fail in two per cent. of the cases to trace the runaway husband and makes him pay or go to jail.

There would be similar success if the work of bringing delinquent husbands to book was taken from the police and entrusted to relieving officers. And the saving in cost would be immense.

By this method also would be ended the scandal of women who marry in order to obtain maintenance orders with which they can pursue their husbands for the rest of their lives. These parasites would soon be found out and refused all help when they came to be sifted by the public assistance machine.

BLOT 3 Government after Government refuses to address itself (without explanation or reason) to the protection of the defenceless child, who is handed over to a paid foster-mother.

In the past ten years the number of babies farmed out in this manner has increased to such an extent that, in proportion to population, Britain has now a far greater number of children under foster-care than any other European country.

The rearing of children for profit is still the saddest and most unscrupulous trade practised without real public control.

A foster-mother need have no knowledge of babycraft. She may be half-witted, or an invalid, or temperamentally unsuitable for guardianship.

The shame of this ghastly business has not been lessened by the powers which local authorities now have under the Children's Act to apply to the courts for the removal of babies from bad foster-homes. The difficulty is to get evidence.

In any case, it is ridiculous, although the Government remains blind to the fact, to allow the damage to be done before intervening. An hour of Parliament's time would suffice for legislation which would impose a rigid test on the physical, mental and moral fitness of a would-be foster-mother before she was allowed to engage in this traffic in helpless children.

BLOT 4 Year in, year out, tens of thousands of innocent citizens are committed to jail for debt. To-day they form more than one-half of the prison population.

Always the public is being led to believe that something is about to be done to remove this stain. Nothing happens. If popular opinion were translated into clamour, the scandal would be ended in six months.

EXPLOITED
BABIES

JAIL FOR
DEBT

BROKEN
HOMES

CRUEL
DIVORCE
LAWS

FOOD
PROFITEERING

Denounce them
at every oppor-
tunity and get
the slate wiped
clean



The police and county courts have for years been so loaded with work that examination of means is perfunctory and haphazard. Committal orders are made with pitiless mechanical certitude.

The taxpayers have been burdened too long with the cost of acting as debt collectors for private creditors. They have to pay for the jails and the prisoners' maintenance.

There is sense, economy and justice in the Scottish procedure, by which, upon court orders, debts are recoverable by instalments by deductions from income at the source.

BLOT 5 The cost of living in Britain is becoming greater every week, whatever the fictitiously fixed index figure of the Ministry of Labour may say. Always, too, the rise is most marked in the essential foods of the people.

Housewives, therefore, expected one item at least to be conspicuous in the programme which the Government has just outlined—an effective check on profiteering and the higher retail prices standards which the system of tariffs, quotas and marketing boards has produced. They hoped in vain. They are asked to resign themselves to a dearer winter.

The Food Council, effete, useless and, for all practical purposes, a corpse, is not to be given one ounce of extra authority, power or vitality. It cannot prosecute in the most flagrant cases of profiteering.

If the Government does not regard this as a wicked shame which could easily be remedied it must have passed beyond all hope. It is certainly the greatest anxiety to-day in every ordinary household in the nation.

Remember, no real reform has been achieved, no liberty won by the people, without public outcry and agitation. You are part of this public. Do not shirk your part.

Straight From the Shoulder

BIG DRIVE AGAINST GRAFT

Monstrous Pensions Injustice—Swinton

Blunders Once Again—No Doctor to Help the Dying—Vindicated Again

AT last Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, is taking a firm line on council corruption. Local authorities have been asked to warn their officials not to accept Christmas presents from firms which hold council contracts.

This is the latest move in a big anti-graft drive to clean up municipal affairs.

Higher Standards

He now insists on councils adopting rigid standing orders against corruption. Councillors and officials are debarred from considering contracts when firms in which they are interested are tendering. They must leave the council chamber while such matters are being discussed.

About time. This sort of information is handed on all too frequently.

In The Family

Still another scandal that Kingsley Wood insists must end is the giving of council jobs to councillors' relatives.

All applicants must now disclose details of relationship. If the councillor's relative is the best man, he gets the job. Not otherwise.

Land Racket

But a growing scandal which the Ministry's orders haven't touched concerns land purchases by local authorities.

A councillor gets to know that certain land will be wanted for housing or street-widening, tells it to his friends, who buy it and sell to the council at exorbitant prices. It's the ratepayers who have to meet the bill in the end.

On, Stanley, On!

Mr. Baldwin still delays doing his duty of telling employers to pay their work-people for the enforced holiday on Coronation Day. His hand should be forced.

We hope the T.U.C. will follow up the Plymouth resolution and put in formal applications to the employers' associations. And soon.

Below The Belt

Millions of Britain's workers want to celebrate the Coronation in the right way, but the loss of 9s. out of a 50s. pay packet won't help them to do it.

We warn Baldwin that unless he does the right thing a great day of national rejoicing will be marred for those who most deserve to enjoy it.

Both Ways

Means Test scandals increase; here is the latest.

An unemployed man's benefit is cut because his brother earns enough to make him liable to income tax. "Your brother must make you an allowance," say the authorities.

Wealthier brother then asks for the usual rebate for the maintenance of a relative. "No," say the authorities; "a brother does not come within the scale of relationship for which this is permitted."

They get you both ways.

Watch Them

Watch the new employers' ramp in connection with the King's Roll for the Employment of Disabled Ex-Servicemen.

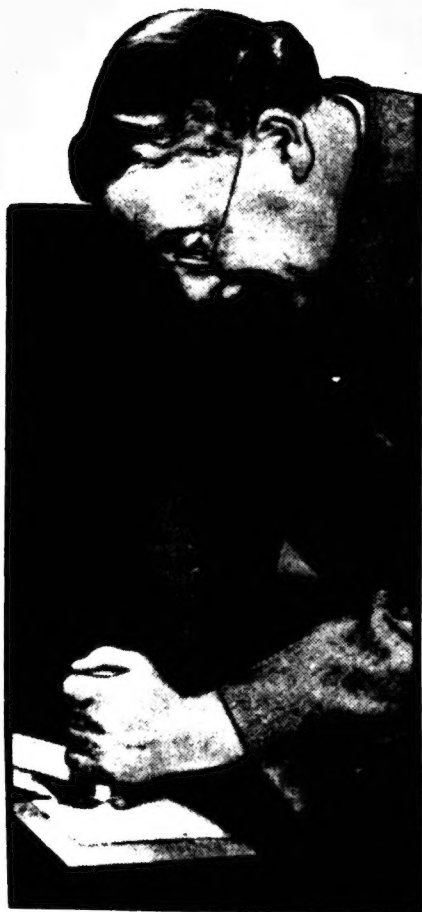
A case has been reported to Major Astor, Hon. Sec. of the King's Roll Council, in which a firm, to get a Government contract, took on four ex-Service men, worked them alternate weeks, and asked four of their regular workers to "stand off" every second week.

Major Astor told the firm that the Council disapproved of its action. So do we.

First-Aid For Nurses

The T.U.C. is about to start a national campaign to regulate nurses' working hours. Having championed this cause for years we may be permitted to express our gratification at the news.

The Home Secretary says he may send



Kingsley Wood is determined to stamp out graft—but there's a big racket he hasn't spotted yet

a circular to local authorities about overlong hours. Knowing our local authorities, we guess the T.U.C. will have to make him do much more if nurses are to get a fair deal.

All Wrong

Seventy out of every hundred police court cases are for motoring offences. And sixty-five of those seventy are for technical errors.

Police concentrate on these minor offences, the Treasury profits—for the unhappy motorist pays up meekly rather than contest the case and perhaps have to pay up still more.

Home Office records show that serious motoring charges are falling off, petty ones increasing rapidly. What about it, Hore-Belisha?

Limehouse Days

Worth everyone's praise is the enthusiasm of East End clergy for decent housing, shown in a Limehouse exhibition.

This reveals not only the disgusting conditions endured by tens of thousands of Londoners, but the better homes now being provided at too-dear rents.

The clergy say many poor families have to choose between being fairly well fed in a bug-infested tenement or half starved in a decent flat. And the clergy are right—to the nation's shame.

It's Business

Wanting a telephone for four months in temporary accommodation at Pinner, a reader was horrified to find them putting a special pole up for his benefit. "Never mind, it'll bring other customers," said the Post Office man—and it did.

Moving to permanent accommodation near by, the authorities took just a week to get over the difficulty that the cable was already "full."

We give this not to annoy readers elsewhere who have not been so fortunate, but because the bouquet is well deserved.

OVER two thousand ex-Servicemen appeal to the Treasury against a harsh decision which, after as much as twenty-five years' service, deprives them of a pension. They are men who entered the Civil Service after the war and would become pensionable on retirement but for the accident of age.

Though at sixty-five they will have served long enough to qualify in the usual way, the pension is denied them by an arbitrary rule.

Shame

Yet public officials who refused to join the Colours, or to do alternative war work on conscientious grounds, are now allowed to count towards their pensions the time they spent in prison as "Conchies"!

We're With Them

The ex-Servicemen's grievance is a just one and we endorse it. We appeal, not to the Treasury, but to the nation's sense of fair play, whether such nigardliness can be permitted.

And we demand for these men the pensions they have earned by their service—pensions allowed for in the rate of pay they receive.

Swinton Again

Air Minister Swinton seems fated to bungle everything he handles. Now he has circulated in Air Ministry orders a long statement telling airmen how to save money; suggests they put it in the Trustee Savings Bank—privately owned.

What's the matter with the Government's own Post Office Bank?

Remember?

And talking of the Post Office Bank, do you remember the Runciman scare of 1931 that the Labour Government was lending the Bank's money to the Unemployment Benefit Board, and so imperilling the people's savings?

Well, the present Government has been lending more. There is £65,000,000 of P.O. Savings Bank money now on loan to the same fund.

Apparently what was wrong in 1931 is right in 1936.

Letting Them Die

We must tell you again about Niddrie Mains, Edinburgh's housing estate, where ten thousand people live without the services of a single resident doctor or ambulance. Latest victim is a baby.

Unable to find a doctor or even a policeman to call an ambulance, the father had to carry the child three miles to hospital, and it died before he got there.

Do the authorities care?

Mrs. Lewis Loses

In our last issue we referred to our success in the action brought against us for libel by Miss Lillian Dagmar Jewett, a professional charity organiser.

For two days last week we defended another action, brought by Mrs. Nesta Lewis, a Bournemouth spiritualist. She claimed damages from us, alleging that we libelled her in an article, "Spiritual Fortune - Telling - Outrageous New Ramp."

The Lord Chief Justice found that our criticism was fair comment on a matter of public interest and gave judgment in our favour.

For the second time within a week the policy of JOHN BULL has been vindicated in the King's Bench Division of the High Court.

They Wouldn't

During the hearing of the sterile libel action which Miss L. D. Jewett brought against JOHN BULL it was stated in evi-

dence that "she had also worked for the Queen Charlotte Hospital and the Cancer Hospital, in each case at £6 in the pound."

Both these great hospitals have asked us to say that they would not countenance such methods of raising funds as those which came to light during the hearing of the action.

Fresh Trouble Ahead

Better start watching another corner of the map where rebel Franco's activities spell trouble—Morocco.

Just now he's rewarding the Moors with good food and a good time between the spells of fighting.

But for the future he makes wild promises, even amounting to complete independence for them, which will cause bother soon.

France isn't waiting, but is already taking quiet steps to safeguard French Morocco.

Hitler's Bite

She is also thinking of Franco's other big creditors, Germany and Italy, who are hoping for the best bites before the bones are thrown to the Moors.

Hitler is likely to be as active as the Kaiser ever was in starting a row around that corner. So, remembering Wilhelm's landing at Tangier in 1905 and the German gunboat demonstration at Agadir six years later, which nearly started war with France—watch Morocco and look out for squalis.

Under Cover

Hitler prepares—for what? Underground aerodromes, munition dumps and radio stations are being constructed at strategic points throughout Germany.

Extensive alterations are to be made under the Tempelhof, Berlin aerodrome, at Leipzig a radio station is being built below the surface, while underground aerodromes are being rushed through at fifty-mile intervals along the North Sea coast.

All workmen employed on these schemes are sworn to secrecy; even their letters are censored. Strange that news from behind the scenes (and below ground) still comes through.

This Freedom

After fourteen years of tyranny Mussolini still finds many of his subjects ready to defy him.

There has just been a new round-up by "Ovra," the Fascist Secret Police, and many hundreds of anti-Fascists have been "put inside."

Most of them will end their days in penal settlements off the Italian coast. Others will never be heard of again. But their families won't forget.

Czech Check

Skoda, huge Czechoslovakian Armament Combine, leading member of the International Arms Ring, has had its teeth drawn at last.

Control has been taken over by the Czechoslovakian Government, following the lead of France, who has nationalised her arms industry.

No hope of our own arms-crazy Government following the good example.

Arms-Monger Methods

Centre of countless political scandals. Skoda since the war has sold arms to any number of countries, notably Rumania.

During the Government enquiry it was proved that Skoda had not only systematically bribed Rumanian officers and officials to obtain orders, but had actively fomented war scares in its own country to the same end. Good riddance to it!



His speeches and writings provide answers to many of to-day's problems

(By a Special Correspondent)

THEY left me a long while in the chill ante-room, under the chill regard of the bust of Wellington over the curved mantelpiece, warned by the chill tick of the grandfather clock of what little value No. 10, Downing Street considered my time to be.

The Editor of JOHN BULL had sent me to see Mr. Baldwin with an interrogatory on the questions of defence and foreign affairs. I just waited. Mr. Baldwin—I consoled myself—was never an ardent friend to the newspaper or newspaperman! Unlike his great predecessor, Gladstone, who had given the working man a new weapon by repealing the Iniquitous Paper Duties, and so—what had he said?—“calling into vivid, energetic, permanent and successful action the cheap Press of this country.” That was it! . . . “Vivid action!”

I waited. . . . I went on waiting. . . . I fell into a deep reverie. . . . Roused with a start to hear a voice say gently, “Will you step this way, sir, if you please?”

I followed the figure up the broad stairs to the room known as the Small Drawing-room. It was dimly lighted, and full of doors and long curtained windows. On one side of the fire an old and quiet lady sat knitting a long comforter; on the other. . . . His back was to me, and it was only when he rose, and set his book down, and turned to me, that I saw it was Mr. Gladstone.

I do not think that I was surprised. A journalist is supposed to be ready for any eventuality. An interview with Mr. Gladstone would be infinitely more unusual than one with Mr. Baldwin.

The great man beckoned me to a seat; he gave me the serene encouraging smile that is the attribute of the very wise and very old. Very old!—Why the Napoleonic wars were ravaging Europe in his childhood, and Lenin was organising factory strikes, in his age!

I began before he could realise that there had been some mistake.

“I should like to ask you, Mr. Gladstone, one or two questions, if I may, with regard to the international situation. For instance, our foreign policy—”

He interrupted me. “I know no chapter in the history of our foreign politics so deplorable as that of the last eighteen months,” he said, shaking his leonine head gravely. “I speak of that policy generally.”

“A policy,” I suggested, “which appears to have resulted in a renewed armaments race in Europe!”

“I deeply deplore the prevailing disposition to make a luxury of panics which multitudes seem to enjoy as they would a sensational novel or highly seasoned cookery,” he answered, and paused a moment before adding: “The men who ought to have been breasting and stemming the tide have become captains-general of the alarmists!”

“Including a section of the Liberal Party—such as it now is,” I hinted.

“I sometimes reflect how much the tone of ultra-Toryism prevails among a large portion of the Liberal Party,” he said with a hint of a smile.

“If you were a member of the present administration, then, you would be unable to give its arms policy your support?”

He reflected. “My name stands as a symbol of the policy of peace, moderation and non-aggression. What would be said of my active participation in a policy that will be taken as plunging England into the whirlpool of militarism? I was in active life sixty-two years and a half. During that time I uniformly opposed militarism.” His chin sank on to the wide wings of his collar. His regard was on the fire. His mind had gone back, doubtless, to that day when he had for the last time resigned from power rather than swallow his Cabinet’s Navy estimates. He admitted frankly, nevertheless: “I have, as a Member of Parliament, and as a member of a Government, concurred in measures that provided for an expenditure beyond what, had it been in my power, I would have fixed.”

“Realising your peculiar interest as one of the founders of Italian liberty, sir, I should be glad if you would tell me what you think of the jingoistic imperialism of the Duce.”

“I should be treading among eggs all the time,” he warned me, but went on: “Italy by nature stands in alliance neither with anarchy nor Caesarism, but with the cause and advocates of national liberty and progress throughout Europe. It is the heart’s desire of her friends that she may rouse herself to dispel once and for ever the evil dream of what is not so much ambition as affectation.” Her orientation toward Germany was to his mind “an awful error.”

“And the Abyssinian question?”

“My opinion certainly is that the transfer of territory and inhabitants by mere force calls for the reprobation of Europe, and that Europe is entitled to utter it, and utter it with good effect. A matter of this kind cannot be regarded as in principle a question between the two belligerents only, but involves considerations of legitimate interest to all the other Powers. It cannot be right that the neutral Powers should remain silent, while the principle of consulting the wishes of the people is trampled down.”

“Cannot be right,” I echoed. “No more right than silence while the dictators of Germany segregate the Jewish population—because they are Jews—expel pastors from their churches and imprison and torture thousands of thinking men who do not agree with their political theories! What, then, do you think of the Nazi system of justice, sir?”

His eyes flashed under their heavy brows. His voice rose in thunderous anger:

“It is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence. It is the perfect profanation of the judicial office which has made it the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries. It is the savage and cowardly system of moral as well as physical torture. This is the negation of God erected into a system of government!”

“I imagine, from what you said a little earlier, that you are hardly likely to approve of the gospel of Imperial Isolation?” I said.

“It is impossible that to a country like England the affairs of foreign nations can ever be indifferent,” he replied. “I do not believe that England ever will or can be unfaithful to her great traditions, or can forswear her interest in the common transactions and the general interests of Europe. But her credit and her power form a fund which, in order that they may be made the most of, should be thriftily used.” He added that, therefore, “Needless and entangling engagements” must be avoided, but looked forward to closer co-operation with the United States.

“I venture to think there is an ever-growing sense of harmony and mutual respect between the two countries, and of a relationship which from year to year becomes more and more a practical bond of union between us.”

“It is to the League of Nations that you look for the eventual emergence of world-peace?”

He nodded in acquiescence: “The statesmen of to-day have a new mission opened to them. The mission of substituting the concert of nations for their conflicts, and of teaching them to grow great in common. Amidst the din of preparation for warfare in time of peace, there is going on a profound mysterious movement that is bringing the nations of the world, morally, as well as physically, nearer to one another, and making them more and more responsible before God for one another’s welfare.”

“It is heartening to hear you say that, Mr. Gladstone, at a time when all the armament firms are frankly looking forward to increased dividends through increased sales of their merchandise of death.”

Merchandise of death! The phrase brought a train of new ideas to his mind. He explained.

“One inevitable characteristic of modern war is, that it is associated throughout in all particulars with a vast and most irregular formation of commercial enterprise. There is no incentive to Mammon-worship so remarkable as that which it affords. The political economy of war is now one of its most commanding aspects. Every farthing, with the smallest exceptions conceivable, of the scores or hundreds of millions which a war may cost, goes directly and very violently, to stimulate production, though it is intended ultimately for waste or for destruction. It therefore is the greatest feeder of that lust of gold which we are told is the essence of commerce. In its moral operation it more resembles, perhaps, the finding of a new goldfield than anything else.”

“What, then, about nationalisation of the armaments industry?” I suggested.

He would not commit himself very far, for he gave me a wry smile, and remarked in a dry tone, “It is our habit in this country to treat private interests with an extravagant tenderness.” . . .

Someone shook me not ungently. A mellow Downing Street voice murmured the old formula in my ear: “The Prime Minister is very pressed. Very sorry. Mr. Baldwin won’t be able to see you after all.”

Mr. Baldwin was presumably meditating on the effect of peace votes at by-elections upon a General Election campaign.

I didn’t mind. I’d got an interview with Mr. Gladstone instead.

The opinions expressed by Mr. Gladstone are excerpts from his writings, speeches and letters. The phraseology is unchanged, and the only alterations are minor ones—for the sake of condensation.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

MISSING FINANCIER: Colossal Frauds

HIDING in the South of France is a sixty-five-year-old swindler, known as William Robinson, who has been associated in frauds involving something like £200,000.

Prior to his disappearance, Robinson was secretly engaged in the sale of stocks and shares in this country, and one of the various concerns in which he was interested was named the British and Dominions Securities Trust.

This "Trust" was little more than an alias for himself, and Robinson was clever enough not to go to its offices too often. He placed a dummy named Johnson in charge, who was instructed to circularise clients with tempting offers.

Once a client had risen to Johnson's bait, Robinson took charge. Immaculately dressed, attended by a "secretary," and armed with documents, he would drive to the victim's house and conduct the "deal" himself.

In one case he called upon a Nottingham man, and, after a long talk, left the house with money and securities valued at nearly £4,000. In return, he left behind scrip that has been found not worth the paper on which it is printed.

The plausible story he told then has been repeated many times, and recent complaints relating to the "Trust's" activities—and other concerns which have been similarly conducted—involve large sums.

Since 1933 Robinson has been behind eight or nine spurious concerns of which the alleged "proprietors" or "directors" were dummies. In one instance a large sum was obtained from a dupe who believed that Robinson was acting as confidential agent for a group of influential financiers.

Three of his hirelings have been convicted for fraud during the last few months. And now Robinson has fled.

In his earlier days Robinson had several convictions registered against him in Australia.

Actually, he is a Londoner by birth,

but went to Australia at the age of twenty, where he was associated with a picturesque rogue named William Warren.

With an army of underlings, they amassed large sums by "working" various forms of the confidence trick all over the world, until Warren was caught on the Continent and sentenced to penal servitude.

After this, Robinson, whose real name is William Belcher, for several years ran his own gang of confidence tricksters, but more recently decided to assume the rôle of financier.

Many of his old underlings were put into offices in the City of London and elsewhere as the "proprietors" or "directors" of concerns actually directed by Robinson from behind the scenes.

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A bulky dossier is filed at Scotland Yard about Robinson's activities. One complaint came from a well-known Bournemouth philanthropist who was led to believe that Robinson was running an honest scheme to provide funds for hospitals.

The philanthropist had parted with a large sum of money before he discovered that the whole thing was a fraud.

Until the last two or three years, most of Robinson's victims have been duped through the medium of the varied "confidence tricks" of which he is such a past-master, and it is interesting to find that in 1931, at Glasgow, he was himself sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

He had obtained more than £2,000 from a local merchant by a racing-syndicate swindle.

He has figured, too, in several civil actions in which dupes have endeavoured to obtain refundment of moneys entrusted to him, or to people with whom he has been actively associated.

We hope, therefore, that every effort will be made to bring him to account for his recent "Trust" and other activities.



William Warren on trial in France

RUINED BY SHARE SHARKS

SOME idea of the ruin wrought by share sharks is afforded by the unhappy experience of Miss A. H. Crocker, who lives at Elm Lane, Redlands, on the Clifton Downs side of Bristol.

Miss Crocker has lost all her fortune, deliberately stolen from her by the unscrupulous manipulations of financial crooks. At an age when, if things had gone smoothly, she should be settled in quiet comfort, without great care for the years ahead, she is forced to begin all over again to earn a livelihood by the hazards of taking in "paying guests."

She is attempting that venture with courage and faith. "I know that I have been foolish in trusting people," says Miss Crocker, "but I feel confident the future will not be too hard upon me."

It has been stated by Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, that he intends as soon as possible to set up a Departmental Committee "to consider the operations of fraudulent vendors of shares and to make recommendations."

The case of Miss Crocker, of Elm Lane, Bristol, might well come under review by that committee.

Her loss was considerably more than

£4,000. Good, gilt-edged securities which she held were taken from her by the specious, persuasive agents of that notorious firm of City sharks, Percy Bennett and Co., Ltd., of Dashwood House, London, and converted into so much wastepaper scrip.

What Miss Crocker could tell Mr. Runciman's Committee would be typical of the experience of thousands and thousands of trusting widows and spinsters in all parts of the country.

Miss Crocker would be an admirable "sample" witness to confront the members of the new Departmental Committee and to convince them that protection must be given by legislation to the unskilled, unsophisticated investor.

Apart from the now defunct Percy Bennett and Co., Miss Crocker had dealings with another suspicious financial house. She invested £240 in the cumulative shares of that concern, on the spoken promise of the agent that the investment would always be marketable one.

She has also a letter from the managing director, in which he states: "If our plans for our first year's trading mature as we anticipate, the company will be in a position to redeem their preference shares at a 50 per cent. premium."

Now Miss Crocker has never received any interest on those shares, neither can she secure redemption of them—even at cost price.

Incidentally, the high anticipations of the managing director concerning his company seem to have failed. There was a loss of more than £2,000 last year on a turnover of £8,500.

A Queer Club

ANOTHER attempt to extract fees from the unwary is being made by Mr. H. H. O. Regan, of the Unity Club, 4, Knowsley Road, London.

Regan is now running a finance section of his correspondence club. "We are in an unrivalled position," he declares, "to introduce capital to any amount, or even secure a loan for you."

According to Regan, there are members of the Club who are seeking an outlet for capital in the form of partnerships, business propositions and loans.

"So satisfied have they been with the services rendered by the Club that they have instructed us to find them suitable introductions."

Regan, who uses a small general shop in a back street as the address of the Unity Club, is a past-master in the art of snatching fees from his dupes.

"Can you afford to miss such an opportunity?" he asks, and our answer is a most emphatic "Yes."

Factory's Little Boy Martyr

PARLIAMENT is to look into the working of the various Factory Acts; and with the tragedy of young Aubrey Holmes, aged fourteen, of Wilson Avenue, Mitcham, before them, readers will realise how pressing the need has become.

Bright lad, clever and hardworking in his first job of work, Aubrey has lost his life in a factory accident that should never have occurred. He was doing work he should never have been doing.

In the employ of Messrs. Corfield and Buckle, metal pressers and engineers, of Merton Abbey, he was, in spite of his extreme youth, helping with a machine, working at piece-rate rates.

A feature of this particular machine was that the belt was apt to slip from the revolving shafting; and delays reduced the amount the boy took home to his mother at the end of the week. He had already had to replace the belt twice on the morning of the day he was fatally injured.

"My shirt will be in ribbons before the day is out," he told his mother over his mid-day meal, a remark that proved truly prophetic, for that afternoon, with his charge-hand standing by, the belt



The bereaved parents with one of the victim's younger brothers

came off again and the youngster had to mount a box to replace it.

It was contrary to regulations, but it was revealed at the inquest that these vital regulations were neither displayed nor enforced. Aubrey was caught up in the fast-revolving shafting, tossed to the ground and taken to hospital.

He lost his life because of the flagrant

neglect of the factory managers to see that the machinery was stopped. And another fact that came to light is that he should never have been required to attend his machine when it was in fault. A skilled setter should have been on the job.

But Aubrey Holmes, when at work, was in the all-too-common plight of thousands of boy workers to-day. He was a victim of speed and production, just a cog in the greater machine.

His parents mourn his death. His father a lorry-driver, disabled as the result of an accident; his mother, with two younger children to rear.

A little kindness and consideration would have helped to mitigate their inevitable distress. But all they have been offered is the cost of the funeral expenses.

The recommendation of the jury at the inquest, that the necessary regulations be printed and displayed and more stringently adhered to in future, is poor consolation for the bereaved parents.

The untimely death of this young martyr to neglect and lack of discipline should give Parliament added incentive to push on with the new Factories Bill.

AMAZING PERJURY CASE DISCLOSURES

EVIDENCE of a remarkable miscarriage of justice has reached JOHN BULL in connection with a case heard by the magistrates of Axbridge, Somerset. The victim is one William Winter, an elderly building contractor, of Southville, Bristol.

In April of this year Winter was sentenced by the Axbridge Bench to three months' imprisonment for driving a motor-car while under the influence of drink. His licence was suspended for five years, and he was also fined £10, with costs amounting to £22 17s., for driving to the danger of the public.

The charge was a sequel to a head-on collision between the car in which Winter was travelling with two other men, and another car.

Before the magistrates, Winter admitted that he had been drinking, but most strenuously denied that he was the driver. He declared that his friend Robert Henry Neale, of Horfield, Bristol, was at the wheel.

Neale was rather badly hurt in the accident. After the collision he alighted, or was thrown from the car, and collapsed in the roadway. He had to be treated in hospital.

It is significant that Winter was not hurt. The steering column and wheel were bent and damaged—important facts in considering the problem of the driver's identity.

At the police court Neale did not give evidence. He had left his home temporarily and could not be found.

The magistrates, in the absence of the other man, decided to convict Winter. And instructions were given for a copy of the depositions to be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions with a view to his preferring a charge of perjury against him!

Appealing to the Somerset Quarter



Mr. William Winter, victim of an astonishing miscarriage of justice

Sessions, Winter found his conviction and sentence upheld.

He served his three months in prison, and on release he was at once summoned by the Public Prosecutor for alleged perjury. Again the case came before the Axbridge magistrates, who committed William Winter for trial at the Assizes.

A few weeks back Winter appeared in the dock before Mr. Justice Charles.

On this occasion the man Neale was called—as a witness for the prosecution. He denied that he was the driver of the car at the time of the accident. Under cross-examination, however, he admitted that his recollection of events was distinctly hazy, and he had tried to persuade Winter to let him drive.

Most significant evidence of all was given by Dr. W. H. Woolley, who attended Neale at Bristol General Hos-

pital for his injuries. Neale, said the doctor, was drunk on admission, and had injuries to his chest.

He had examined the car, and considered that the bruises on Neale were consistent with his having been the driver at the time of the crash.

It was inconceivable, in the doctor's opinion, that the driver of the car could have escaped injury, as Winter escaped injury.

At this stage, without calling on the defence, the learned Judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty" in favour of Winter.

This belated vindication is all very well, but remember that William Winter has already served three months in prison because the Axbridge magistrates did not believe his story.

And the troubles of Winter have not stopped with his vindication on the perjury charge. Immediately after the Assize trial he received a summons to appear once more before the Axbridge magistrates, because he has not paid the fine and costs—a total of £22 17s.—imposed on him at the original motor offence prosecution.

We have investigated most carefully the complications of the two charges—the conviction of Winter by the magistrates and his acquittal by order of the Assize Judge.

In our view, there is no reasonable doubt that Winter was wrongfully convicted in the first instance.

Obviously the matter is one for the intervention of the Home Secretary. There should be a full official enquiry. The conviction of Winter cannot be allowed to stand. Compensation of some kind should be given him for his repeated court ordeals and his three months' wrongful imprisonment.



Mrs. Sparrow (left) and Mrs. Smith, two of the defrauded landladies

NEW Dog Racing TRICK

INGENIOUS swindles are being worked by two men calling themselves "Gerald Potter" and "William Stokes"—both, it is believed, assumed names.

They pose as veterinary surgeons, attached to the Royal Veterinary College, and profess to have knowledge of infallible betting coups on various greyhound races. Complaints are numerous.

Sometimes these tricksters advertise for apartments for "two young students," and it is known that they have received as many as 120 replies from one announcement.

They call upon landladies and ask for accommodation. Both are very polite, and generally express themselves delighted with the rooms available.

Gradually they turn their conversation to greyhound racing. "Potter," the more talkative of the two, says he is the owner of twenty greyhounds which race at various tracks. By a secret method, he always "knows" when his dogs are sure to win.

Suddenly he says that he must rush off at once to the West Ham, White City or Clapton track—as the case may be—to deal with urgent business there.

Just before he goes, however, he suggests delicately that his new "landlady" might care to have a little flutter on a dead certainty, and expresses his willingness to put any money she cares to invest on the greyhound concerned for her.

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One of his victims is a North London woman who was told that the owner of a house in Mountview Road, London, with whom they pretended to have been staying for a long period, was selling up preparatory to sailing for the Colonies. Potter, in fact, handed her a card on which was printed his name and the Mountview Road address.

After he had put over his greyhound story, the North London woman handed him a sum to put on, and the men promised to return about eleven.

That was the last she saw of them. After a journey to Hornsey Police Station she found out that "Potter" and "Stokes" are not veterinary surgeons, have no connection with the college, and own no greyhounds.

They just book rooms in order to secure ready-money stakes from house-owners, boarding-house keepers and small hotel proprietors.

The woman whose address has been used in Mountview Road has been inundated with callers, and several people who have been similarly caught are now lodging complaints with the police.

After this exposure they ought to find it much more difficult to secure dupes with their non-existent greyhound "certainties," which is a particularly mean form of swindle.

Widow Gassed in Terror Town

ASAD sequel has followed our recent disclosures concerning the terror at Hoyland, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, where subsidence is causing buildings to sway and crack.

Now tragedy has stepped in, and an old lady, whose home was close to Mount Tabor Methodist Church, whose walls had cracked ominously, has lost her life.

She is Mrs. Myra Mountford, who, with her deaf and dumb daughter, Miss Ada Mountford, was found by neighbours gassed in bed one morning.

They were rushed to the Sheffield Royal Hospital, where they were treated with oxygen for a long period. Doctors battled against death for two days, and then the two patients recovered consciousness.

After eleven days' treatment old Mrs. Mountford and her daughter returned to their little home near the Mount Tabor Methodist Chapel, Hoyland. Subsequently she suffered from a stroke and a few days ago she died.

There can be little doubt that her death was hastened by her ordeal and suffering in being gassed.

Investigation shows that there was a leak from two gas pipes in the lane near the Mountford's home. These pipes were in the area of a mine where subsidence had taken place, and escaping gas percolated through to the front room where mother and daughter were sleeping.

The local authorities are dealing with effects of subsidence by shoring up buildings, but the most urgent need, as we stressed before, is to investigate the causes of the subsidence. There must be no more delay.



Mr. and Mrs. Fearn

EMIGRANTS' ORDEAL

AUSTRALIA wants no more immigrants without capital. But Mr. and Mrs. Fearn, of South Hackney, London, are two emigrants who want no more of Australia.

With £300 in their possession, they set out for Australia and a new life.

Before he could take up his first job Mr. Fearn had to become a member of the Australian Furniture Trade Union. This first job lasted for three years.

Some time went by, and as the Union could suggest no possibility of another job, Mr. Fearn found one for himself.

Because of this, his Union would not give him his O.K. card.

A bad spell of unemployment resulted, for the Union would not help the man who had helped himself.

"At last," says Mrs. Fearn, "when we had lost our little cottage and every penny we possessed, my husband and I decided to walk two hundred miles to Canberra to lay our case before the officials."

"After further hardship the authorities paid our passage home to England."

Now Mr. and Mrs. Fearn are back in their homeland. But their savings of £300 are lost and their future prospects are black indeed.

WOMAN FIGHTS COUNCIL

THERE is a tragic story of hardship behind a little shop at Rainham, Essex.

Mrs. Colley, a sixty-six-year-old widow, five of whose sons served in H.M. Forces during the war, is faced with the possible collapse of her little business.

In July, 1934, she opened a fish shop at Rainham and, as the neighbourhood was developing she saw possibilities in the fried fish trade.

Trading as Clewin Hughes and Bros., she decided to buy frying apparatus. This, with other improvements to the shop, cost about £200.

Then came an evil day, when Mrs. Colley was fined £8 for frying fish without permission of the Hornchurch Council. Gilbertian authority decrees that she may fry potatoes with impunity, but fish is barred.

Since then she has fought desperately to keep her little business off the rocks. Local residents, numbering 400, have signed a petition asking that she should be allowed to sell fried fish, but repeated applications to the local council have been turned down.

One of her sons is unemployed, but work for him could be found in the shop if his mother was allowed to develop her business.

Another son, who was wounded in the thigh and the head, has always refused to apply for a pension while he is capable of earning a living. The Colleys are a family with an excellent record.

We urge the Hornchurch Council to reconsider her case and grant Mrs. Colley the necessary licence for her little fried fish shop, which will enable her to turn the business into a success.

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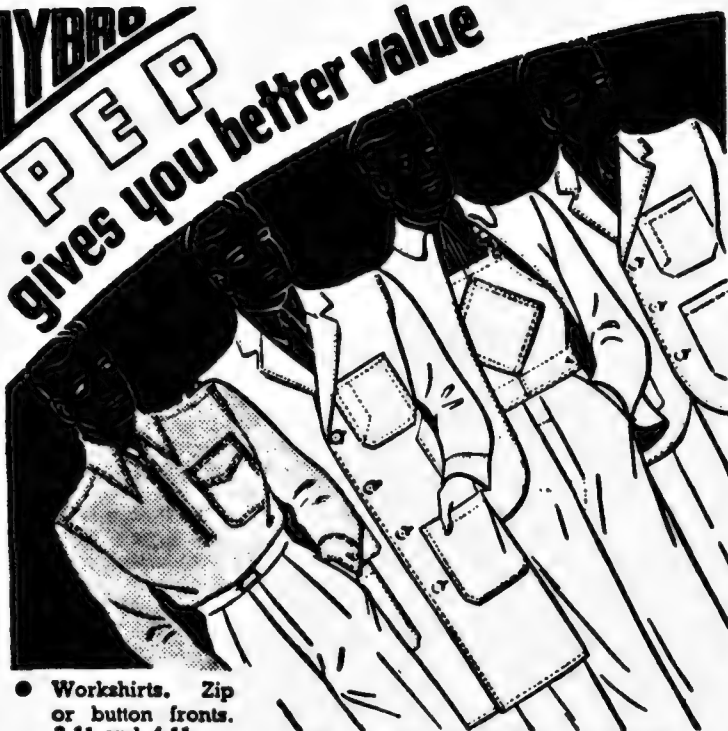
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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sealed-Lips Come Unstuck

Honest Stanley's Trickery

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—I feel ashamed that a British Prime Minister should stand in the House of Commons and confess that he deliberately misled the Democracy of which he is the chief guardian—to reap an election victory for his own Party.

For that is what you did, and that is what you have confessed.

You knew all about the supposed German challenge to our security in 1933. But you did not tell the nation, or ask a mandate for rearmament. You gave a few hints, and asked us to "Trust Honest Stanley Baldwin"—because, worried by John Wilmot's grand victory in the Fulham by-election on a pure peace and disarmament platform, you feared a Tory landslide at the polls.

In your own words:
"Supposing I had gone to the country and said that Germany was rearming and that we must rearm, does anybody think that this pacific British democracy would have rallied to the cry? No, I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the Election from my point of view more certain."

With cynical patience you waited until your Party, a few jingo newspaper proprietors, Mussolini and Hitler had alarmed the stupider parts of the electorate.

Then you had your General Election, deceiving millions by reiterated pretensions of faith in collective security, appealing for a mandate for moderate rearmament.

Your Party won. You had played the Party game only too cleverly. You promptly proceeded to carry out not a moderate rearmament programme, but a gigantic one—one for which you had no mandate.

Now, a few months before giving up the Premiership, with complete cynicism you tell the whole rotten story.

What a disservice to those democratic principles you so often assert are the chief concern of your politics! No wonder your lips were sealed! No wonder you asked us to trust you! And how little you deserved our confidence.

Until now I always felt the great traditions of British self-government were safe in your hands, however much I disliked your policies. Now I know the depths of our credulity.

Astuteness never pays, Mr. Baldwin. "The instincts of our democratic people may come a little late," you say, "but, my word! they come with a certainty when they do come."

Our instincts about you may come late—but, my word! how certain they now are. You have betrayed us all. You have betrayed the democratic faith by which we live. And we shall never forget
JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BROWN,—I'm not surprised you are dissatisfied with wages and hours of labour in shops. So is everyone else except the grasping employer.

You are anxious that the industry should "arrange conditions before the Government takes a hand." Very properly so—but do not allow the industry to take too long about it.
JOHN BULL.

Major J. WIGHTMAN DOUGLAS,
Alnwick Board of Guardians

DEAR MAJOR DOUGLAS,—I am glad you told the Alnwick Guardians some home truths about child malnutrition in their area. Many of the children attending the Mayor of Newcastle's camp this year, you said, suffered from digestive trouble because they were not used to good food.

As a result of your plea it was decided to ask the P.A.C. to provide the kiddies with proper meals. See that they get them.

After all, malnutrition is only a polite word for starvation.
JOHN BULL.



Too, too honest Baldwin . . .

Lord BARNBY,
Bradford

SIR,—Driving through Leeds you disobeyed a traffic signal, hit another car and drove into a shop window.

Your licence was endorsed and you were fined £5. I'm sorry it wasn't more. Even a wool magnate can't be allowed to drive to the danger of the public.
JOHN BULL.

JOHN A. ROBINSON,
c/o H.M. Prison, Cardiff

DEAR ROBINSON,—You deserve every day of your month's sentence for smoking in Blaegarn Colliery.

Think of Gresford, and how easily you might have sent your workmates to their death.
JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary,

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I'm glad your Public Order Bill grants some of the demands recently made in these columns. I'm sorry it contains clauses which might possibly impair our cherished rights of speech and assembly.

In London it allows the two Police Commissioners to apply direct to you for permission to ban demonstrations without consulting the local authority. In my view, this gives too much authority to the police and too much discretion to the Home Secretary. Suppose he is a Diehard who objects to "hunger marches" and trade union demonstrations—what then?

The new law makes it impossible to contest his decision in the courts, and thus gives him the powers of a dictator.

Your effort to prevent disorder at public meetings boils down to this: If a constable suspects me of meaning to break up a meeting he can ask me for my name and address. He cannot prosecute me. He can merely report my name to the meeting's chairman, who may take out a summons against me if he feels so disposed.

Supposing I am a steward at a Fascist meeting and start a row? Will the chairman, a Fascist like myself, be likely to prosecute me? Or supposing I am a Communist and treat hecklers rough at a Red meeting?

Don't be scared of clearing up the matter for good and all by the howls of a tiny minority. The Government is said to hope that Sir Oswald Mosley will not challenge your plans. I'm sure he won't, particularly now you have information that the noisy Fascist lads are backed by money from abroad.
JOHN BULL.

M. LEON BLUM,
Premier of France

MONSIEUR,—It's quite time you did something about your convict settlement in French Guiana. Devil's Island has shocked the world for years, yet still, week by week, prisoners escape in open boats and land in Trinidad.

I know that many of them wander through British territory vainly trying to make a living. They may be criminals, but they are still Frenchmen, and you as an enlightened leader of the French nation should stop sending them to rot in such a hell-hole.
JOHN BULL.

H. WRAGG, M.P.,
House of Commons

SIR,—Your interjection in debate that "everybody can buy shares" is typical of smug Conservatism.

There is, of course, nothing to prevent the people of Jarrow and the Rhondda Valley buying shares—except their poverty.
JOHN BULL.

F. J. PERRY,
Hollywood

DEAR FRED,—I see that you are going to take advantage of your supremacy on the tennis courts and turn professional. You have driven another nail into the "amateur v. professional" coffin.

And I don't blame you; surely the man who brought us the Wimbledon Championship and the Davis Cup deserves to make big money before he's too old.
JOHN BULL.

Mr. PATERSON,
Minister of the Interior, Australia

DEAR SIR,—So you have banned Mrs. M. M. Freer (wife of an Indian Army officer) from Australia because an Australian officer "has become entangled with her." That may or may not be so, but I am not surprised your determination to act as a censor of morals has aroused a political storm.

"Mind your own business" is as sound a policy for Cabinet Ministers as for cabinet-makers.
JOHN BULL.



. . . and not so simple Simon

Panning the Panto

By a Very Special Investigator

FOLLOWING the decision of Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester to play in "Peter Pan," pantomimes this Christmas are to be "different." Since the first batch of foreign producers invaded British films, it has been decided to "save" the pantomimes as well.

For this purpose a new company has been floated, to be known as "British Pantomime Improvements, Inc."

The chairman of the company is Otto Z. (Zee) Kalbfleisch, who arrived from America yesterday. He was on the point of issuing a signed statement to the Press, but unfortunately Mr. Kalbfleisch never learned to read or write.

Asked what he thought of British pantomime, Mr. Kalbfleisch replied that he thought "Cavalcade" was wonderful, but not so good as "St. Joan."

"That show had sex-appeal," he said. "A woman against the world! What a story! Of course, the production killed it stone dead. We're going to put that dame in scanties instead of armour and fix a commercial ending."

"But there's a great future for those pantomimes," went on Mr. Kalbfleisch. "Me and my company's here to make them deener cree."

"You mean topical, Mr. Kalbfleisch?"
"Topical? Sure they'll be topical. Our shows'll be so topical they'll positively burn you up."

"Listen. What's the name of that Eytalian dame—Cinder, something?"
"Cinderella?"

"Yeah, that's it. Well, she had ugly sisters, didn't she? Now, ugly sisters ain't commercial. She's gonna have a beautiful mother, the kind of mother we all had, see. Silver-haired, silver-voiced, sitting beside the fire and . . ."

Mr. Kalbfleisch paused to wipe a tear.

"But," we continued, "isn't that rather breaking away from tradition?"

"Tradition! Nuttin! What we need is extradition!"

"I can see that."

"And, what's more, we're gonna get it. Take 'Dick Whittington,' now. The title ain't commercial, see. No pep."

"We're gonna produce it as 'Love and Bow Belles.' And will those belles strike? Two hundred lovelies, the most wonderful Broadway money can buy."

"But isn't this to be a British pantomime?"

"Oh, sure. It'll be British. I got a special expert to teach the gals to say 'bahth' and 'tophole' and stop them saying 'ain't it a lousy day' instead of 'it looks like rain, don't it?'"

"You mean this production will be authentic?"

"Oh, sure. The audience'll be historical by the end of the first scene—that's when we bring the lions on."

"The lions?"

"Forty wild, savage lions. Dick Whittington kills 'em with his bare hands. The greatest thrill ever offered in the theatre."

"Well, what have you done about the rats?"

"We gotta get rid of the rats, it ain't commercial."

"But what about the cat?"

"We've cut the cat. Besides, who ever heard of a president with a performing cat. He's got a bodyguard of gladiators."

"President?"

"Sure. Lord Mayor ain't nothin' for a guy to be. Our Whittington's gonna be president."

"I see. And you'll have a transformation scene, I suppose?"

"I'll say so. When Dick Whittington loses his slipper, the whole stage becomes a lake. Gondoliers and Venetian blinds and a bullfight—I tell you it's terrific."

"And the finale! It's the biggest patriotic scene since the Battle of Wellington. We got airplanes and tanks, and Union Jacks, and everybody sings the big song."

"A patriotic song?"

"Sure. All the music's written by Al Flutenpusch, Jed Musquash, Pat Mandelbaum and Jim Goulasch. Story by Joe Goulasch, dialogue by Irving Sachfeld and Benny Rodzinski, extra dialogue by Pete Windelbag, dances arranged by Hal Limburger and Jack Frankfort, lighting effects by Max Wallstone. . . ."

"One last question, Mr. Kalbfleisch. What is this patriotic British song called?"

"Why, 'Is it true what they say about Dickie?'"



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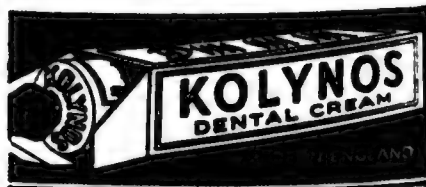
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The King this Week—by John Drinkwater

He Can NEVER Call It a Day

THE King's public engagements, exacting as they are, account for but a small proportion of his official time. More and more between now and his Coronation he expects to be kept at his desk in the transaction of endless business, much of it inevitably of a somewhat tedious character. This he naturally finds the least congenial part of his duties, but he nevertheless applies himself to it with a regularity of industry that would surprise many a City man who considers himself overworked.

The King usually rises at seven in the morning, takes a constitutional round the Palace grounds in flannels and a sweater, and after a light breakfast—of fruit, toast, marmalade, and always tea—by nine o'clock he is in his work-room with a Secretary, going through the morning correspondence, examining reports and discussing the day's engagement list.

Even at that hour his staff as often as not finds that the King has already done a good deal of the routine work. Nearly all the matters that come before him are of an urgent nature, demanding immediate attention, and his habit is to get all decisions made as early as possible in the day. These demands are doubly pressing when Parliament is in session.



The King's post-bag is infinitely, and often amusingly, miscellaneous in its contents, and many strange letters come to his own notice. One recently was from a motherly subject hoping that the King would take the precaution of "good woollies and warm socks" when attending the Cenotaph service. The solicitude, which suggested that in some quarters at least he is regarded as the son of his people no less than as the traditional father of them, gave the King a good deal of quiet pleasure.

The King's Secretaries, Major Harding, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Mr. Alan Lascelles and Major Ulic Alexander, are adepts at dealing with every kind of correspondence, expected and unexpected, but though the King mostly leaves them to decide what detailed answers shall be made, he has to be informed of everything that comes in by post or messenger.

Once the morning mail is disposed of, interviews have to be arranged with people whom the King wishes to see personally, and when he has no public engagement he usually gives most of the afternoon to these conversations. As the Coronation approaches, all these demands on the King's time are becoming steadily heavier, and he is delegating many important duties to his brothers.

The Duke of York, in particular, as Heir to the Throne, is taking over much of the work that the King undertook when he was Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Kent also has constant official calls on his time. The Duke of Gloucester's military duties make his public appearances rarer.

King George hoped that his third son would rise to the command of his regiment, the 10th Hussars, but was determined that it should be by merit and not by favour. King Edward is encouraging his brother in his chosen career.



Throughout the Royal establishments preparations for the great event in May are keeping everyone busy. Even officials who have relinquished their regular duties are frequently sent for by the King; Sir Lionel Halsey, for example, who was Comptroller to the Prince of Wales at

York House. Another authority much in demand these days is Mr. Richard Howlett, who, once valet to King George, rose to be His Majesty's Master of the Wardrobe.

He has already seen two Coronations, and knows as much about the detail of ceremonial dress as anyone living. The King has asked him to place his experience at the disposal of the Earl Marshal.

I hear that the King will shortly pay another visit to Sandringham for the purpose of seeing how the reorganisation of the Royal farms is progressing. He may also give one or two shooting parties, and at the same time he will probably make his final decision about the projected family gathering in Norfolk at Christmas, also making arrangements for the usual distribution of Christmas fare among the workpeople on the estate.

I am told a pleasant story of two police-constables. The King gave them silver watches in recognition of their services at York House while he was Prince.

In conversation with them he learnt that, although both had often done duty at Buckingham Palace, neither had been given King George's Jubilee medal, which had been awarded to the entire domestic staff. The King at once gave orders that enquiries should be made, promising that if medals were still to be obtained the men should receive them.



Sir Frederick Maurice, in broadcasting his Poppy Day appeal, referred to His Majesty as "Our Comrade King." The King, who was listening in at the time, was greatly pleased, remarking to a companion that no monarch could wish for a finer tribute. Certainly no monarch has ever more truly deserved it.

Watching the service at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day, I was deeply moved, as everyone must have been, by the King's bearing. He walked out of the Home Office into Whitehall, wearing his admiral's uniform, with a total absence of parade or self-consciousness that in the circumstances could be possible only to a man of the finest innate courtesy.

When, having placed his wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph, he stood alone at the salute for several seconds, he kept the same serene dignity of power that needed no gesture to make itself felt.

The national act of homage was graced by a leadership that from first to last was perfectly poised. And perfect poise, even in kings, is a rare and notable excellence.

I had not myself seen the Armistice celebration before. Its organisation is quite remarkable, and of one thing at least I was convinced.

There was in the great crowd, which assembled as far as I could see in both directions along Whitehall, no trace whatever of belligerent emotion. Everyone was held by pity for the



The King at work at Buckingham Palace. He begins dealing with his correspondence at nine o'clock, after which comes a steady flow of interviews

sorrows that war had inflicted and, I believe, by a passionate desire that such things should not be again.

I still think that some modifications might with advantage be made in the ceremony. I am told that Service regulations make my suggestion that the uniformed forces should not wear arms impracticable, but I think that in this event the regulations themselves might be suspended for the occasion.

I am sure that the effect would impress everybody. Certainly the most touching moment of all was when the ex-Servicemen passed by the Cenotaph in civilian clothes, though I realise that contrast had something to do with that.

Here, indeed, were all sorts and conditions of men, the men any one of whom might himself have been the Unknown Warrior. Smart men in morning suits and top-hats, men with no collars and hardly more than an apology for boots. No one who saw it is likely to forget the spectacle of a veteran on crutches swinging to the march past the Cenotaph, while a Guardsman took his hat off for him, replacing it when the infinitely pathetic salute had been made.

I think, too, that the significance of the whole ceremony would be deepened if it were attended by small contingents of ex-Servicemen from the other countries that fought in the war, allies and enemies alike. It was a world disaster, and it should be the world that pays memorial homage to all the dead.

For the rest, we can feel nothing but gratitude to the responsible officials for carrying out an extremely delicate piece of organisation with beautiful discretion.



Mr. Grey Wornum, the architect, who is designing the scheme of decorations in the City of Westminster for the Coronation, has kindly sent me some notes on the general principles to which he is working.

I intend to say more about this next week, but in the meantime I may draw attention to what is perhaps the most important of his suggestions, which is that not only in Westminster, but elsewhere, the tenants of a street should co-operate with a view to considering how unity of design can be effected in their particular thoroughfare. Splendid results could be achieved in this way, and I hope London—and other places—will take Mr. Wornum's hint.

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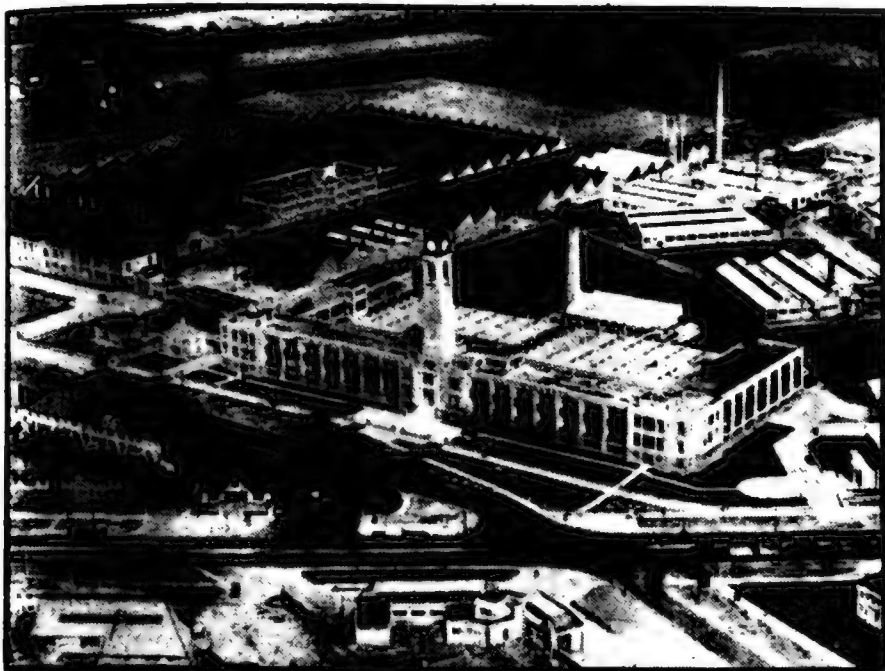
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THERE are many interesting and economical uses for Lyle's Golden Syrup in the special free book compiled by Elizabeth Craig. This can be obtained by all John Bull readers who write to Tate & Lyle, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 21, Minors Lane, London, E.C.3. See offer on page 28.

FREE—Hundreds of free gifts are set out in the free gift booklet offered by the makers of Rowntree's Cocoa. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.E.22, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for your free copy.

Octopus London

Strangles The Depressed Areas



The spread of industrial London is choking the life out of areas which need new factories. Here is a view of the West London area, once open country—and now covered with works

BY A. G. GARDINER

TWO facts stand out in startling contrast in the third and final report of Mr. Malcolm Stewart on his administration as Commissioner for Darkest England. One is the gigantic industrial expansion of London. The other is the pall of despair and hopelessness that still hangs over the depressed areas.

The two facts are not disconnected. They are the opposite sides of the same problem, and until this is realised and acted on the problem itself cannot be solved.

That it has not been solved yet is deplorably clear from Mr. Stewart's report. Two years have passed since he was appointed Commissioner for the Special Areas.

From that position he has now retired, and in spite of his studiously official language, it is evident that he has given up his task because his powers are insufficient, his recommendations have been ignored, and the evil that he was set to combat can only be overcome by more drastic measures than he was authorised to employ.

★ ★ ★

NOT that his work has been in vain. His report is a record of enormous activities over a wide and stricken field, with results whose usefulness is wholly disproportioned to the small expenditure involved.

When we contrast the light-hearted way in which we spend hundreds of millions on road building—much of it incredibly wasteful—and scores of millions on bounties to agriculture, the million and a half spent in fighting the plague that has desolated Durham, South Wales and West Cumberland is merely derisory.

The fate of these afflicted areas is unrelieved by the rising tide of industry. Trade is booming, unemployment is diminishing, a wave of prosperity is sweeping over the country, but in Gateshead the unemployed still number 35 per cent., in Fouth Shields 36, in Tynemouth 33, in Glamorganshire 33, and in Merthyr Tydvil 60—more than half the industrial population. Meanwhile, the national average of unemployment is 12.8.

The causes of this local stagnation are many, but Mr. Stewart is right in stressing one tremendous fact that affects not merely the acutely distressed areas, but, in a lesser degree, the whole of the industrial North and Wales. That fact is the sensational drift of industry to the South in general and London in particular.

Consider these figures: During 1935 the number of new factories opened in the whole country was 510. Of these 213 were established in Greater London alone, the bulk of the rest south of the Trent.

In the Distressed Areas, where their coming would have been like manna from heaven, five only were opened. And more than five were closed!

I do not think Mr. Stewart exaggerates the significance and menace of this stampede of industry from the North to the South, and especially to the vicinity of London. While factories by the score and the hundred are closed in industrial England and no new factories are built to take their place, vast areas of fertile land in the home counties are being gobbled up for sprawling colonies of bricks and mortar centring around new factories of this, that, and the other.

On the one hand we spend millions in subsidising agriculture. On the other we squander the most fertile land of agriculture in creating new industrial cities, while the established cities of industrial England are being bled white.

In a word, London, which is rapidly spreading over half a dozen counties, has become a vast octopus of the nation's industrial life. It is not merely the economic consequences of this enormous phenomenon that is alarming.

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THERE is another aspect, of which we are acutely aware in these days, that makes that phenomenon a menace to darken the future. The concentration of a fourth of our population—for the population of Greater London now approximates to nine millions—and an increasing proportion of our industrial activities in that corner of these islands which is most vulnerable to air attack involves a peril of which we are all so conscious that we turn away from it.

"What a city to sack!" said Blucher when he looked out over London from St. Paul's more than a century ago. But then it was not a quarter of England, and then it was secure behind the seas. It is secure no longer, and if we could start afresh we should not crowd our eggs into this little corner of our basket.

We cannot alter the fact now. But Mr. Stewart is right in asking whether this menacing growth should be allowed to proceed unchecked. And unchecked side by side with the desolation of industrial areas with labour and factories on the spot, left, the one to rot in the street, the other to tumble down in disuse.

If the distressed areas are to be revived we must divert to them—and to the industrial north generally—some part of that tide of new industry which is flowing Londonwards.

Persuasion to this end "has been tried and found wanting." Appeals to the industrial adventurers have been made from all quarters from the Prime Minister downwards, with no effect. Sterner action is due and overdue.

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MR. STEWART does not go so far as to suggest that the State should dictate where new industries should go. But he does insist that it should say where they should not go. He would place Greater London "out of bounds

for further factory construction" unless special reasons can be shown.

Coupled with this restriction, he would apply inducements to industry to flow into the driest channels. "A magnet must be fixed in the special areas to overcome the attractions of London and the South."

These indictments are many, and entirely within the scope of State action. Apart from such schemes as the promotion of experiments for the production of oil from coal, the construction of the Severn Bridge to open up South Wales, and the building of an arterial road to bring the current of life into the stagnation of West Cumberland, there should be financial relief in regard to rating and so on, which should make it worth while for industry to trek into Darkest England.

The Government cannot reasonably object to such interferences on the ground of principle. They are not different in their effect from the multitude of interferences in the flow of industry which it has adopted.

★ ★ ★

IT has employed the expedients of subsidies, quotas, tariffs, and so on, to promote the prosperity of special interests like those of agriculture, shipping, iron and steel, sugar, and many more.

Is there any rational ground on which it can object to employing similar means in order to salvage whole communities, whose prosperity is much more vital to the well-being of the nation than, let us say, the bounty-fed production of beet sugar is?

It is to be hoped that, with the parting challenge to action of Mr. Stewart, this great matter will now be seriously taken in hand. His twenty points must not go into the waste-paper basket.

There is a danger that they may, for the Government proposes to include the Special Areas Act in the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill.

If that is done, all opportunity of amending and extending it will be defeated. There is a revolt among the more enlightened Conservatives against this muzzle being applied, and everyone who realises the gravity of this business, not only to the distressed areas themselves, but to the nation at large, will help to make that revolt effective.

Just An Inhuman Story

IT happened to David Haig-Thomas, the Cambridge rowing Blue, son of a Cambridge rowing Blue. He tells the story in his book of reminiscences, "I Leap Before I Look," published by Putnam's (10s. 6d. net) this week.

It happened quite recently. He is a very young man.

It appears he went to Fulborn Asylum; was told he could interview one or two cases. And in came Number 37, terribly nervous, although she had been told she had nothing to fear.

"When I first came here, my hair was like silk," she said. "My skin was like driven snow. I was a beautiful Royal Queen come down from Heaven, but my enemies got at me. He—" pointing to the asylum lecturer, "—was one."

She stood silent and aghast, then, for a few minutes looked as if she didn't want to utter another word. So they said to her: "Tell the gentlemen about the baby."

She blushed. "You are my friends," she said, "and so I'll tell you. I had a baby. A prince was its father, but he had not done the right thing, and so I prayed it would be black, and it was

black." She was thanked for her information, was led gently out of the room. There was a scuffle outside the door, and she came back beaming. "I am not married, you know," she said as an afterthought. "I could marry any of you, if you like."

After she had left again, an asylum official spoke.

"She had a baby," he said. "Most of the women in the village, including the parson's wife, who was the worst of the lot made her life unbearable. That parson's wife regarded herself as a good woman. She never missed a service. But she completely missed Christ's teaching."

"She had no mercy or kindness for this poor unmarried woman who had had a baby. She persuaded all the other narrow minded women in the village either to ignore her or to be rude to her. And you see the result."

There was one joyful note in his voice. It was when he said that that poor girl might get better.

Better . . . to go back to that "Christian" village again!

Miss Sims Was SLEEPLESS Because her NERVES



ANOTHER
SLEEPLESS
NIGHT!
OH! I CAN'T
STAND IT!

WOULD NOT REST!

SLEEPLESSNESS is only one sign of serious Nerve Troubles. Nerve Weakness, an increasing symptom of Modern Life, is at the root of an enormous amount of Poor Health. Those all-too-common Headaches and Neuralgia are caused by the Trigeminal Nerve.

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MISS SIMS, IF YOUR WORK DOES NOT IMPROVE YOU MUST GO!

I DON'T FEEL WELL!

"OH! I FEEL SO AWFUL. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO GO WRONG & TO-DAY MR. BROWNE THREATENED ME WITH THE SACK!"

"BUCK UP, MY DEAR. YOU MUST GET ADVICE!"

WHAT I TOLD MISS SIMS

Sleeplessness is the first symptom of NERVE trouble. The Nerves get "out of control" and will not rest. They keep the body in a state of unnatural excitement, preventing sleep and robbing the body of strength. The only way to get well is to FEED the Nerves.

"I CAN'T SLEEP & MY HEALTH IS RUINED. CAN YOU GIVE ME A SLEEPING DRUG?"

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"MISS SIMS, I HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE YOU CHIEF OF YOUR DEPARTMENT."

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THE BODY OF A TYPICAL NERVE CELL

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Police officers making enquiries at the farmhouse following the discovery of the murders

By
Stanley Bishop

IN the parlour of a Devon farmhouse, on an evening in June, a young woman, sitting by the open window, was reading a detective thriller.

The story, by that well-known writer, Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts, was entitled "Inspector French and the Starvel Tragedy."

At the opening of the book, there is a preliminary note which says: "The tragedy, which occurred at the lonely old house in Starvel Hollow, is, as far as its outward appearance goes, founded on real life. In the evening the house is standing as usual, everything about it apparently normal. The next morning it is a heap of smouldering ruins, from which later on the almost cremated remains of its three inmates were taken."

And this fiction of Starvel Hollow nearly came to reality at Croft Farm, West Charleton, between Kingsbridge and Torcross, South Devon, on the night of June 11 this year.

Cruel Wounds

FOR in the early hours of the next morning, two women were found dead—murdered in brutal fashion. A third—the girl who owned and read the novel—was so grievously injured that she died shortly after transfer to hospital. There was another occupant of the house—Thomas Maye, yeoman farmer, lying in his bed suffering from cruel head wounds.

What was more, attempts were made to burn down the farmhouse. Paraffin had been sprinkled in divers rooms. Only the fortuitous discovery of the tragedy prevented the spread of a deliberately lit fire which might have consumed that old farmhouse and all within it.

Amazing—in the real sense of that overworked word—the coincidence between fiction and events, which must have happened, at Croft Farm.

Indeed, the book marches with actuality. A woman is murdered in the book by being beaten on the head with a heavy instrument. Two of the women of Croft Farm met death from being struck on the head with a hammer. The

injuries to Thomas Maye, the farmer, were caused by this same weapon.

Further, in the book a woman is thrown down a staircase, and stunned. At Croft Farm, Gwenyth Florence Maye, the younger daughter, who died in hospital, was lying at the foot of the stairs, her skull fractured.

When the police made examination of Croft Farm they saw the copy of "Inspector French and the Starvel Tragedy," which belonged to Gwenyth Maye, and bore an inscription in her handwriting.

They found, too, the hammer of attack, the head of which weighed 3½ lb. and was axe-shaped at one side. Adhering to the hammer were fragments of the hair of Thomas Maye; of his wife, and of his elder daughter, Joan. There were no traces, however, of the hair of Gwenyth, the younger daughter.

I set out those facts as startling introduction to exclusive revelation about the trial of Thomas Maye, aged seventy, farmer of West Charleton, in the County of Devon, on a triple murder indictment—killing his wife, Emily Maye, and his two daughters, Joan and Gwenyth.

It was a murder charge which, in the opinion of legal authorities, should never have been launched.

The trial before Mr. Justice Charles at Devon Assizes has already been widely reported. Prosecution collapsed before completion, and on the instruction of the judge the jury returned a "Not guilty" verdict.

Evidence of a doctor, called as witness for the Crown, really disposed of the case against Maye. The view of this expert was clear: *It was out of the question for the ghastly wounds on the head, from which the farmer suffered, to have been self-inflicted.*

Inconceivable

BLOWS were struck at the farmer as he lay in bed. The effect of the first blow would have been to make the old man unconscious for a time. The injuries were terribly severe; enough to kill most people. Inconceivable that the farmer could have struck himself in such a manner.

As the learned Judge said to prosecuting counsel: "I should be bound to put to the jury that it was more likely on this evidence that he was attacked by someone than he attacked anybody."

So the case had its dramatic ending,

MURDER Inspired by a THRILLER

with comment from the judge to this effect: "I am bound to say that I think after close consideration of the doctor's evidence that the man might have been spared this ordeal. That is the view I take."

What an ordeal it has been for this Devon yeoman, nearing the closing circle of life's span! Attacked; maimed; nursed through hospital; saved by the skill of surgeon and doctor plus the marvel of his iron constitution. Then faced with the awful charge of murdering those dearest of all to him.

For there was never any suggestion that domestic life at Croft Farm was anything but happy and peaceable. Thomas Maye loved his wife and was devoted to his daughters. Not a tittle of motive was ever alleged against him.

Five months he spends in Exeter Prison awaiting trial, with the black horror of the murder accusation upon him.

His pocket is depleted by the necessary expenses of his legal defence. The full cost to him, from first to last, is near £1,000.

Thomas Maye should never have been forced through the purgatory of this murder charge.

Roused By Police

DURING the police investigations into the tragedy of Croft Farm, Maye gave all the assistance of information he possibly could.

As to what actually occurred in the house on that night of terror in June, he cannot speak. He recalls only going to bed first, leaving his wife downstairs, and dropping to sleep to be aroused by the presence of a policeman at his bedside.

Blood is everywhere on pillow and bed. The room is clouded with smoke.

"My head is sore," says Thomas Maye, as his mind, called back from slumber and unconsciousness, begins to function again. "Where is my wife?" he asks, as he notices she is not with him. "Get my wife. I want to see her. Get my daughters. I will tell them what I want."

Natural remarks. The natural call for family assistance from an old man—not knowing what was afoot; a police officer standing over him.

If the defence had been called in the trial those would have been the lines followed. The testimony of Thomas Maye under oath would have proved without shadow of doubt that he could not possibly have had anything whatever to do with the murders.

But his evidence was not required. The prosecution failed under the weight of its own incompleteness.

Now at the end of this murder trial, which should never have been brought, there remains the intriguing question: By whom was the crime committed?

Undoubtedly this case will become a classic to those who study, for professional police reasons or otherwise, the psychology of crime.

It is the strangest mystery for a decade.

Nothing was discovered by the police

to suggest that an outside person entered the farmhouse that night. The hand of the burglar or thief was entirely absent. No attempt had been made to interfere with any articles, although there was a great deal of jewellery of value and a certain amount of money in the place.

Thomas Maye and the members of his family were extremely popular in the district. They had no enemies. The question of a vendetta against the family can be entirely discounted.

Only individuals of the household knew where the hammer—the weapon of attack—and the paraffin used to spray rooms and the mother's body were kept. The paraffin was stored in a shed sixty yards

away from the house.

Some of the most extraordinary features of the tragedy were: There was a pillow, or some similar support, under the head of the three women, as they lay dead or dying upon the floor.

Gwenyth Maye was the only one of the family partially dressed. The others were in their night attire. She wore a dressing gown over her pyjamas, and slippers—one on and the other near by. She was found nearest to the way out of the house. Hers was the only room untouched—no attempt at firing; no paraffin spilt; no blood about.

Final Blow

THE head of the hammer was picked up near to the body of Gwenyth. A broken part of the hammer handle was near the elder daughter Joan. She was lying when found dead in a corner of the upstairs landing.

Obviously, however, from many signs, Joan had been first attacked when in her own bedroom and in bed. From there she escaped to the landing to be struck down by the final blow which killed her. An attempt was made to fire her room.

Both girls bore recent bruises, indicating a frenzied struggle and gripping.

Certain factors suggest that the daughter Gwenyth fell down the stairs, and that the injury from which she died was caused by her head striking the lintel at the bottom. There was hair from her head on this lintel.

Entirely a feminine action the placing of pillows beneath the dying women.

Yet all three had those pillows. How could Gwenyth, the last to die, have secured hers? She may have had the strength after falling down the stairs to have reached for one and then collapsed on the stone flags of the hall.

Who Did It?

AS the only survivor in that lonely farmhouse, Thomas Maye was the object of suspicion by the police.

Yet he could not have committed the murders as the assize trial proved.

Who did? The only supposition which fits the facts is that the girl Gwenyth was the demented culprit.

Owing to her temperament and the conditions of her health, she may possibly have experienced that night what—for lack of a better definition—can be termed a "brain storm." Temporarily she was not responsible for her actions.

Did Gwenyth commit the murders and try to kill her father, dying herself through a fall on the staircase?

The answer "Yes" gives the only reasonable solution to this mystery of a Devon farmhouse.

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HANNEN SWAFFER PLEADS...

Don't Shoot Sir John Reith



"He has remained the man who is never wrong"

FOR ten years longer, Parliament will soon decide, Sir John Reith, or a successor quite as powerful, will remain Boss of the B.B.C.

The new Charter does not do much to limit the B.B.C.'s powers. It hands over the air to that Red Tape, Bureaucracy and Officialdom to which the public has grown so used that it seems almost surprised if, for a moment, the B.B.C. unbends and appears to be human.

Sir John Reith is, in my opinion, a man of fine character and splendid achievement. Unfortunately, the whole country has the impression that he is an autocrat afraid only of offending the kirk—unhuman, cold, unapproachable, and the centre of an organisation that is, oh, so respectable that when people walk past Broadcasting House they bow and even think they should cross themselves.

Why doesn't Sir John Reith come on the air more frequently? He took it on himself to announce King George's death, and he once insisted on announcing Election results, with the result that one of his head announcers, who felt it was his job, resigned on the spot. But, otherwise, he doesn't condescend to use the instrument which the critical say has become an instrument of himself. He is like the Talking Mongoose. We never hear him—and he isn't visible.



WHILE Sir John has kept the B.B.C. programmes good up to a point, the point is a bit blunted. It is very capable but very Kensington, rather dull and rather Dulwich.

Why cannot we have more humanity and a bit of passion? It wants a bit more punch and less Punch and Judy. They ought to "come off it" a bit. Why, when you go into Broadcasting

House you don't know if you are walking into a church or into a prison!

I wonder if you realise that if Jesus of Nazareth happened to be walking round London to-day He would not be allowed to talk on the air. He wouldn't be respectable enough.

Certainly Abraham Lincoln would be stopped if he wanted to denounce slavery—that is, unless he happened to be President at the time. Charles Darwin—well, the Director of Religious Broadcasting, who sees that everything said about religion is "within the main stream of Christian tradition," whatever that may mean, would soon stop all that nonsense about Evolution.

As for "Honest John" Morley, well, the B.B.C. would bar him because, in spite of Queen Victoria, who issued an ultimatum to Gladstone, he refused to get married. Nor would you hear, on the air, the voice of William Blake, the great mystic, were he now walking the streets of London. He was considered mad, you see. If he were alive now, they would use the word "barmy."



SHELLEY wouldn't be allowed to recite his verses because he was an Atheist, and as for poor Byron, well, as they won't have him in the Abbey even now, they certainly wouldn't have him at the B.B.C.

No, Sir John Reith always forgets that if people don't want to listen they can always turn the wireless off—and do. Therefore, and especially as there are several stations, many experiments could be made.

There is too much Mediocrity in the air, too much Docility, too much nice harmless little Nothingness, too many tame little Nobodies. The great national figures are seldom heard.

Why don't they put Baldwin on more

HE'S DOING HIS BEST!

frequently, and let L. G., Winston and Lansbury follow him? Why should people like the Archbishop of York remain unheard, unless they are taking part in some great ceremony?

Surely General Evangeline Booth might stir us up occasionally? Then there are Scott Lidgett, Lord Dawson and Baden Powell—and there is Dick Sheppard, a household name. We never hear Dick unless he is preaching a sermon. Surely he is a human being as well as a parson? He doesn't sleep in his surplice. Couldn't he discuss the events of the day?

These people have experiences common to the rest of us. Much of their lives are like ours. They aren't parading all the time. Cannot we hear them on the simple, ordinary things? Must it all be pomp and parade?

I should like to hear General Gough's story—told by himself. . . .

Then the news commentators, if they are to go on—and I don't see why they should while they are done with the dreary dullness they are now—should be made more human and more humorous. The eye-witness accounts seem to have been written for the *Times*. Make them more matey, Sir John!

Then, as for the artists, if they were paid more instead of being kidded with "publicity," the programmes would improve. Playwrights will not give us good wireless dramas for a few guineas. If the theatre will pay them £1,000 where the B.B.C. pays them £10, they won't write for the air. Besides, what is the value of all this "publicity," so-called? What good does it do? It cannot help the famous—and it is the famous the public wants to hear.



THINK of all the fuss they make about a Variety broadcast. Then we hear the audiences in the B.B.C. studios laughing at drivelling jokes and applauding nothing. If, as too occasionally she does, Gracie Fields goes on the air, well, there is so much excitement that you would think it was Mickey Mouse.

Now is it true that the private lives of B.B.C. officials are pried into and checked up? The public has the idea—and there must be some basis for it—that in Broadcasting House they spend half their time in watching each other.

And is it really true, as was suggested in the recent Talking Mongoose case, that "pressure" is brought on officials to do this and not to do that? Is it really true that if a man has been slandered, it is suggested that he might be sacked if he went to court—because Someone knew Somebody Else?

These are all matters which are

★ Politics and You—Shipping Subsidy—the Facts

ONCE upon a time the British Mercantile Marine was, without question, mistress of the seven seas. Half the gross tonnage afloat was hers. The Red Ensign flew proudly in every port.

Those days of complete supremacy have gone. Since the war the tonnage of other nations has increased by leaps and bounds. Ours has declined.

Japan, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Greece and France have all doubled their tonnage and the United States has increased hers four times over: while we have 2,000 fewer cargo boats and 45,000 fewer seamen sailing the great trade routes to-day.



This hasn't happened because British ships and British seamanship have become inefficient. Both are still second to none and defy comparison.

It has happened because for years now it has been the deliberate policy of other States to expand their own merchant services to the utmost limits by grants and subsidies. By these means building has been artificially stimulated and freight rates cut. It is estimated that at least £30,000,000 is being spent every year by them in this way. A fierce battle is on for the carrying-trade of the globe.

Great Britain has been forced to use the same weapons. Two years ago it followed suit. Grants amounting to £2,000,000 a year were made by Parliament for 1935 and 1936 and now the Government announces that the same sum is to be given for 1937.

Some critics say this isn't enough.

That, although as a result of this help things have improved, they haven't improved quickly enough.

Others think that if the subsidy is given it should be on the definite understanding that the conditions of the officers and men should be bettered. Pay is still very low, many ships are grossly undermanned, living and sleeping quarters are shocking and the food often very bad.

The great stumbling-block against better pay and conditions is the fact that British shipowners have to compete against countries, like Japan, where the standard of living among crews is much lower than among white people. This difficulty can, however, be overcome by international agreements.

Recently an International Shipping Conference was held under the auspices of the League of Nations at Geneva to see what could be done in this direction.



Some improvements were won by the trade unions representing the sailors, but had they received more assistance from those representing the British Government much more would have been accomplished.

The mercantile marine forms the great reserve for the Navy in time of war. The conditions of service therein, therefore, should be such as to attract, and keep, the very best men available. It deserves a square deal from the nation, and if public money is given the man in the fo'c'sle should share in any benefit that flows from it.

gravely concerning the public mind. A new Charter will not alter them. I think it might change if Sir John Reith smiled a little occasionally, and unbent, and became more of a man and less of a machine.

We all owe him much. He has built up a magnificent organisation. Yet he has remained the perfect official, the complete answerer-back—the Man Who Is Never Wrong.

I can remember how long it took to stop song-plugging, for which band leaders were paid; so that, instead of living, as they should have done, on the money paid them for broadcasting, they were subsidised by publishers who wanted their songs boomed.

I can remember, too, the hunger marcher who, when returning to Manchester, was told to rewrite his story before it could be heard on the air, and how they wanted him to cut out all his story of suffering on the route and make it seem like a joy-ride.

My mind goes back to fatuities in the "In Town To-night" series, the story of the Man with the Longest Neck and the boasts of the Man Who Had Never Cut His Toenails. Can't we have some Real People?



MEANWHILE the big story of Britain remains untold. The miners' choirs sing, unheard, in their misery. The songs of the valleys rise up like a litany of despair—but not on the B.B.C.

And the talent of Britain remains undiscovered. If a man has something new to say, the B.B.C. is scared. And yet nothing is worth saying unless it is new. The old things have been said so often that we are tired of hearing them.

I wish that one night the B.B.C. would go mad—mad with a frenzy of zeal, mad with a burning fire of protest, mad with the enthusiasm of unchokable exultation.

GREAT

CORONAT



Special robes have to be made for the peers who will attend the Coronation, and already fittings are being made by tailors

JUST six months to go to Coronation Day. Six long months. Yet...

"Shall we be ready in time?" is the thought uppermost in the minds of courtiers, heralds, archbishops and deans, police and traffic chiefs, pickpockets, confidence tricksters and the thousand and one other types of people to whom the Coronation will be an opportunity, an ordeal or just an ordinary job.

On whether they are ready in time depend some of the most important jobs in the Realm—and some of the fattest hauls planned by the minds of crooks in the last fifty years as well.

Well, with six months to go, how far have they progressed with their Coronation plans—Bishop and Lord Chamberlain, crook and profiteer, crank and well-meaning citizen who is determined to make his efforts worthy of a wonderful occasion?

First of all: What of Westminster Abbey? It will be closed to the public as from January 1, so that the vast structural alterations necessary can be made. The actual Coronation service will be broadcast. And both King and Archbishop will take part, the day before, in a rehearsal that will be even more exclusive than the actual crowning ceremony.

Probably, if it can be arranged, parts at least of the ceremony will be made into a talkie to be shown all round the Empire and the world.

But the arrangements for the Abbey ceremony bristle with difficulties. Is Scotland being unfairly treated in her representation in the Abbey? Some Scots say she is. Will it be possible to allow the Free Churches some part in the ceremony?

The latter problem is being considered in light of the fact that the Abbey is not London's Cathedral. St. Paul's is. It is not the temporal property of the Church of England any more than it is the temporal property of the Wesleyan Methodists. It chooses and promotes its own clergy.

There will be a lot of debating and heart-burning before the Order of Service is finally ready for the printer.

Then there is the route—the longest Coronation route in history. The King, determined to keep prices as low as possible, and to give the poorest of his subjects a chance to view the procession, has seen to that.

Both the police and military authorities keep timing the route

with stop-watches. If, early one morning before the London traffic starts up for the day, you see a limber swaying along the Coronation route, followed by two Guardsmen marching along at processional speed, you will know that the Army is trying it out all over again.

There will be no angry demonstrations, this time, from thousands of people who find themselves jammed tight behind high wooden barriers through which they can see nothing. Crowds will be kept back at the danger spots by lattices of thin tubular steel, so that thousands of his subjects will seem to be in cages to the King as he drives past.

Incidentally, the Office of Works has given an order for forty miles of that tubular steel. No wood will be used in the framework of official stands.

The police is going to have the biggest job, however, so far as the route is concerned. Ten thousand uniformed policemen will be necessary for back-of-the-crowd duties alone, quite apart from the huge corps of anti-pickpocket detectives, led by Superintendent J. Sands, in charge of the C.I.D. Central Division.

All the best-known and cleverest of the light-fingered gentry will be marked down from the moment they leave their homes in the morning. Not even staying the night elsewhere will make them safe.

Big as that job may appear, it is infinitesimal compared with one of the tasks that face Chief Constable J. Horwell, detective head of the C.I.D.

THIS already entails finding out everything worth knowing about anybody who books a seat on any stand or at any window along the route. On Coronation Day itself, no matter how many people may use other people's tickets at the last minute, this Chief Constable will be able to say that not a single doubtful character is sitting at any vantage points—unless under special police vigilance.

All this police work will require heavy reinforcements from the provinces, despite the fact that there will be Coronation festivities everywhere. In fact, the Metropolitan Police will probably augment its own "regulars" and "specials" with up to 5,000 country constables.

Already, any undue deference to

the Superintendent in the majority of provincial forces means that the police officer concerned is anxious to see the Coronation. And many a constable whose beat lies along lonely farm tracks is fancying himself on duty at Marble Arch.

And yet Scotland Yard, while bringing in huge forces of police from other towns, will itself have to send some of its best-trained men to the seaports as part of the gigantic effort that is being made to keep well-known international crooks out of the country.

You will be able to see London policemen on duty on the quaysides of Havre, Dieppe, Hamburg, Ostend and a score of other Continental ports, in the few weeks before Coronation Day.

No description of Coronation plans can pass without a tribute to France's Sûreté-Generale, America's G-men, and the "Scotland Yards" of every civilised country in the world. They have all helped our own Scotland Yard to compile a blacklist of leading international confidence men, jewel thieves, blackmailers, card sharps and wallet-snatchers who will probably try to come here.



THEY are all notifying the British authorities of any suspicious movement on the part of any such men. In fact, with their help, our own C.I.D. has been able to bring out a "Who's Who in World Crime," illustrated with thousands of photographs, that will soon be filed at every port and every police station in the kingdom.

This book is going to be tremendously useful to police authorities all over the world long after the Coronation.

It is known, already, that thousands of international "evening dress" crooks plan to come here. It has been found, for instance, that some of them are already trying through agents to plant packs of marked playing-cards on hotel waiters. "We'll get a new pack of cards from the hotel—" they will tell their prospective victims.

As most of these gentry will try to get here in the last-minute rush before the Coronation, the whole network of European telephone lines will be used to notify all movements of criminals in the last few days.

As the result of special vigilance already begun at the ports, nine well-known white-slave traffickers have been refused admission to the country in the last few weeks.

Britain's own native crooks, who have heard something of the extraordinary steps the police are taking to keep out undesirables, are rubbing their hands gleefully. They think it will mean better business for themselves.

One syndicate of crooks intends to import improper films for display at so-called bottle parties. Certain people connected with it have already journeyed to Continental cities for this purpose. The biggest vice syndicate London has ever known is taking over premises all over the West End for immoral purposes. They intend to get foreign



Also in the rush to get ready for the Coronation are the hundreds of girls employed making Commemoration mugs for school-children, and the factories preparing new drums for the regiments which will be represented in the ceremonies, while even replicas of the Crown Jewels, and busts of the King, are being turned out hurriedly to be exhibited in all parts of the world. Right: The Duke of Norfolk, who as Earl Marshal, is responsible for the official arrangements

women here by exploiting the old marriage-of-convenience trick.

Rogues of a more professional appearance are starting companies aimed at exploiting the millions who are coming to London, or which promise to let your flat or house for you at a phenomenal figure. We have some of their "prospectuses" on our files.

Some of them are merely after the booking fees they ask of you. Beware of all these Coronation companies that promise you big money, but want you to put down a shilling, half-a-crown, or ten shillings first.

Professional hostesses of a dubious type who will run Coronation parties are not likely to worry you. The guests they are after are the "mugs" who are coming to England with thousands in their pockets.

Yes, they are all rubbing their hands, these native crooks, content to believe that the police will keep away most foreign competition, and

TION SCRAMBLE



an orgy of tree-planting during the Coronation — which sounds very commendable.

Unfortunately, while the Men of Trees Association suggests that oaks and other trees should be planted on the tops of hills in the shape of shields, the point of the shield in every case being a guide to airmen, the Scottish

Foresters point out that the autumn is the time for tree-planting.

Plant now, and suitably christen the young saplings on Coronation Day, is their suggestion.

Shields planted later won't look like shields at all, and will keep airmen in a state of continual muddle and headache.

Then there are those members of the Vegetarian Society whose chief hate in life is the roasting of oxen whole on spits, in which they have the support of certain cultural societies that condemn ox-roasting as primitive and barbaric. They are faced with the fact that although they campaigned heavily during the Jubilee, about ten times as many local authorities will roast oxen whole and distribute slices to the masses during the Coronation festivities.

There are Coronation plans that have gone all agley as far distant as Tokio. There manufacturers of shoddy fabrics are wondering what they can do with £250,000 worth of Union Jacks and £500,000 worth of Coronation souvenirs they made for the British market.



UNFORTUNATELY for them, British retailers are making a solid bloc against foreign-made flags, bunting and Coronation souvenirs. So those Union Jacks look like becoming suitings for native African tribes that buy extensively from Japanese peddlers.

Some of the Thames-side warehousemen want to decorate their buildings with globes of light, even want to see festoons of illumination all over the Thames. About which the Port of London has something to say.

Pity the poor pilots who had to navigate the river under such circumstances! The Thames authority has already had applications from thirty American, Scandinavian, French, Australian, Italian and other shipping companies to berth cruising liners during the celebrations, and may have to accommodate a hundred or more, and it doesn't want to have most of them submerged and marked by a wreck buoy.

Yes, everybody is planning for the Coronation, although it is six months distant.

Birmingham, considering whether to give bonuses to babies born during the celebrations, has set other towns thinking along the same lines.

Illuminated fountains in the middle of squares and streets, waterfalls of light, "ast tea parties that will fill parks, fireworks on a scale hitherto unknown—without a doubt, local authorities all over the country are "planning big."

But not without a few inward tremors. For the Ministry of Health has made it known that district



They don't intend to be left out—children in the East End have already begun collecting for street decorations, bunting, and so on

auditors will surcharge authorities that exceed "a reasonable expenditure"—in the absence of an exact definition the equivalent of a penny rate is a reasonable Coronation expenditure. In some districts, aldermanic pockets look like being lightened considerably.

Not in Kidderminster. There, one man, Mr. E. G. Eddy, has offered to pay the whole cost of the local Coronation rejoicings.

Nor in twenty or so towns which will add the biggest grant they will be allowed to make to whatever local residents like to contribute.

Some streets have their own Coronation funds. Ledbury Street, Peckham, for instance, with its 250 kiddies, of whom three-quarters have never seen the sea.

Ledbury Street is hoping to go one better than London's West End. Every family is handing twopence a week to an unemployed man who has been appointed honorary secretary. And Ledbury Street, dining en masse at one vast trestle table beneath decorations of dazzling brilliance, is going to show that it isn't only people with well-lined wallets who can enjoy the Coronation.

The good people of Ledbury Street will certainly have fewer anxieties about the Coronation than most of the people who are taking part in it.

For instance, some of the most prominent people who will be inside the Abbey feel certain that they are being preceded by someone who has no right to precede them, and a special court of precedence is sitting at St. James's Palace to decide these claims. Such things won't worry Ledbury Street.



OTHERS feel they are not going to be allowed to perform duties that are theirs by right of inheritance. The Coronation looks like being a miserable time for them.

Anyhow, the various warring notabilities are providing the experts on heraldry, precedent, and privilege with a few more grey hairs—most of them are pretty grey already—and plenty of sleepless nights.

Then the question of Coronation robes has become a problem to most peers: a positive nightmare to some.

Those of them who saved the robes they used at the last Coronation have found them to be in rags and tatters. More peers are having their robes

retipped with rabbit than with ermine!

If a peer wants a new outfit—and remember there are 200 peers who were commoners when King George V came to the throne—it will cost, in the case of a baron, up to £70 for the robes themselves, from £5 to £50 for a coronet and from 60 to 200 guineas for a uniform.

No rabbit skin for their wives, however, who have just been given a 250-word instruction as to what they must wear, which includes such passages as "... a kirtle of crimson velvet bordered with miniver pure, worn over full Court dress ... the brocade must be of gold or silver ... a tiara must be worn."



SPECIMEN robes, draped on a waxen peer and peeress, have been put on show at Norfolk House by the Earl Marshal for the guidance of peers and peeresses, many of whom took along their tailors and dressmakers. You could pick out the tailors from the peers by their smiles and happy chatter!

Good news for some of the peers is the intimation that a London firm of clothes dealers has every type of robe, from a duke's down, on hire!

There is going to be a week of riotous enjoyment, judging by other plans that have been made.

The railway companies are preparing the biggest excursion programme in history. There will be penny a mile return travel for everybody who wants to see the Coronation.

Some of them will be able to camp out for a week in the coaches that bring them to London. The cost will be £10 per week each coach, on top of railway fare.

Cinema stars, boxers, famous operatic singers, high-fee'd people who have either disdained to come to Britain or have done so very rarely, will all be wanting to make public appearances during the Coronation. Whether the Ministry of Labour will let them is another matter.

Without a doubt the Coronation is going to be a wonderful time for everybody who knows how to dodge the crooks.

Unless they are peers of the Realm or inmates of a jail.

And who knows that the latter will not get some concession. Anyhow, most of them are hoping that something will be knocked off their sentences!



hoping, also, that the authorities won't mind giving a little more rope to the libertine during the celebrations surrounding the Coronation.

But they should not be too confident. Scotland Yard is aware of every extension in the activities of these harpies. There may be one of the biggest crime round-ups London has ever known within a few days of the Coronation.

There, then, are the plans of police and crooks—plans that are going to come into violent clash. There are other plans that can be mentioned in lighter vein.

Those of Britain's tree lovers, for instance, who are determined, above everything else, that there should be



How Much Is Your WIFE WORTH?

The erring wife stands in the box and is "assessed" (a film study)

MR. RONALD WILLIAM FINLAYSON is a civil engineer. He had a wife who he described as "a perfect housewife and hostess." We say he had a wife. For the other day he lost her. He put her out of his life. He was granted a decree nisi against her in a Liverpool Assizes divorce suit.

Now—what makes this case any different from most of the other 5,000 which go through the divorce mill this year?

It is this. . . . When all the evidence had been heard the jury decided to give Mr. Finlayson £1,000 damages as well as his freedom. Why? Because he had, through the co-respondent, lost "a perfect housewife and hostess." And since nobody can deny that such person is an asset to a civil engineer the jury assessed his loss at £1,000.

But when the verdict was announced the judge discovered that Mr. Finlayson had an altogether different idea about the worth of his wife. He had only

claimed £500. So the judge promptly halved the award.

This case is merely the most recent of many which draws attention to a farcical and manifestly unjust aspect of the present machinery of divorce. It is an aspect which has been dealt with only by divorce lawyers in technical law journals. The question is: How should damages be given in a divorce? why should they be given? and who should award them? The question is: How much is a wife worth, and who is to assess her worth—in the Divorce Courts, at any rate?

"Any rate" is good; for the more you go through the records of divorce proceedings the more you find the damages situation riddled with the most fantastic paradoxes. But you will have to confine your examination to the so-called "High Court" cases. That brings us to the first paradox. Bill Tapps, the plumber, may have a delinquent wife who is also "a perfect wife and hostess"—or any other description which shows her worth to him.

But because he sues under the Poor Persons Act he will be a very exceptional person indeed if he gets any recompense for her loss. Go through the list of Poor Persons proceedings and you will be hard put to it to find more than one or two cases where Bill Tapps has been awarded a single penny—no matter what the standing of the co-respondent. Judge and jury alike seem to consider his wife worthless.

THAT is point one. But let us go back to these High Court cases. Mr. Finlayson is not alone in assuming that his wife is worth half of the sum estimated by the jury.

In one day recently the juries awarded a total of over £5,000 in five cases to deceived husbands. They awarded (to a London engineer) £250 where he had asked £125; in another £850 where £200 was asked; and in yet another £1,250 where the husband asked £400. Each

of these got the sums they had asked—their own assessment of their wives' worth. But in one recent case a husband who had been awarded £2,000, and who had asked only £1,000, sued for the balance. He only lost on a technical point.

On what basis and who awards damages in divorce proceedings? The jury alone awards damages, and compute them on the "worth" of the errant wife. Invariably the judge, in directing the jury on the question of damages, states: "You must not in any sense entertain the idea of punishment towards the co-respondent whatever you may think of his behaviour. You must base your award on your estimation of the worth of petitioner's wife to him."

YET time and again juries come back in the box with awards which can only be described as punitive or which vary wildly in amount from case to case where the husbands are in the same circumstances.

Juries are told not to take into account the standing of the co-respondent, yet there was one case recently where the husband in the early twenties, just starting in life, married one year and with no children, was awarded £7,500 damages against the co-respondent, who was a wealthy man of middle age. But where does the law's direction about the established pecuniary worth of a wife to a husband come in, in such an award as that?

"Leaving it to the jury" on the question of damages in divorce proceedings opens the door to endless abuses in the way cases are presented and the type of cases brought, as well as wild inconsistencies in the amounts awarded in genuine cases.

In one recent instance a husband who had already obtained £500 for the enticement of his wife went to the Divorce Courts in the full assurance that he would get another £500 from the jury. Sir Boyd Merriman, however, flatly told the court that it was "an impudent try-on." The jury, thus warned, gave nothing.

A husband in another case a few months ago so engaged the jury's sympathy that they awarded him, although he was only one year married and had no children, £1,150 damages against the co-respondent. Subsequently it was discovered that the "injured" husband had been living a life of almost continual misconduct. The judge rescinded the decree and the damages, describing the petitioner as "a man of almost unexampled effrontery and impudence."

But there are dozens who do go into court and extract ample recompense for their "injury" because of the jury system of awarding damages.

And there is yet another angle on the subject. Time and again counsel has referred to the situation where a guilty wife goes into the box to deliberately cheapen and degrade herself in the eyes of the jury; so that it can be persuaded into the belief that she is a worthless woman, and so none or trifling damages are inflicted against the co-respondent.

There is one comment which we would add, as it were, in parentheses. Nearly all the abundant cases of excessive generosity towards husbands who are no better than they should be, you

will find almost exclusively among the records of the London High Courts. Provincial juries are apparently not so easily hoodwinked. Most of the "farthing damages" awards you will find in the provincial lists. These juries seem to have a closer and more realistic view of the worth of an errant wife to a man. And their view is in accord with most of those who wish to reform our divorce laws.

Whatever the law says, damages in divorce are mostly asked for in revenge and they are

granted on that basis by juries which are all too humanely inclined to help in the matter.

ONE after another great legal authority is declaiming against the existing practice. A jury's job is to decide facts in a case. When it comes to fixing damages it is exposed to influences from which a judge is supposed to be exempt. Each of the twelve is liable to be swayed by personal sympathies or prejudices, likes or dislikes of persons in the case. That fact can be played upon by the astute and it results in unfairness all round on this point of damages.

A judge, on the other hand, better trained in the rules of equity, with all the facts before him, and less liable to be swayed by personal opinions, could be more relied upon to award damages on a fair and sane basis.

How much is your wife worth? You may have a very complete idea reckoned out in terms of £ s. d. But if you want recompense in a court for a property you are giving up you submit the decision to a judge, who, by his calling, is without rancour or personal prejudice on the subject before him.

So let judges, not juries, decide what a wife is worth as a chattel. And so bring ourselves one step nearer to a divorce machinery modelled on clean and sane lines.

Yvonne, martyr to chesty colds, freed by Vick



Yvonne's mother, Mrs. O. Pantofel, Montague St., Leicester, says: "Vick loosened her chest, eased her breathing. It was the turning-point in Yvonne's life. Vick has kept her free from colds ever since."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

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At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

New Improved—
WHITE, STAINLESS

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SICK ROOM

QUIETLY, on tip-toe, the mother crept to the cot in which her sick child was sleeping, and, stooping, kissed her.

Then she turned the gas low, adjusted the window to admit just the right amount of fresh air, closed the door so that there should be no draughts—and so went to bed.

Night after night that happened in a Northamptonshire home, and then, at three one morning, something happened to drive that mother into a frenzy of fright. A gust from the window shattered the mantle. An incandescent mass fell on the bed of the sick child. The smell of burning blankets awoke the occupants of the next room.

That mother threw the whole lot of blazing bedding out of the window, and then, having carried her child to the warmth and comfort of her own bed, returned to fight the fire with water.

What mattered most to that mother was the fact that her baby was safe. Nevertheless, we were glad to remove from her worried mind any burden of financial loss. We paid that because she had signed the coupon which earned her protection under JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance.

And we are reprinting that coupon on page 37 of this issue, so that you can safeguard your home in the same way.



LET'S STAY AT HOME

and as you look proudly round your household gods, can you say with equal pride, this is my own home? The Abbey Road is ready with ample funds to assist you to own your own home NOW.

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STARTLING NEW WASHING METHOD CUTS TIME, WORK



2 MINUTES AT THE BOIL

Scientific washing tests have recently been completed that reveal two amazing facts. First, that with Rinso 2 minutes at the boil is enough to make clothes clean.

Put the clothes into the copper in luke-

warm Rinso, bring to the boil, and boil for only 2 minutes. Then you're through! With more than 30 minutes' worth of fuel saved! Everything will be brilliant—without any hard rubbing.



12 MINUTES' SOAKING

The second fact revealed by these tests is: Clothes that don't need boiling, or can't stand hot water, can be soaked clean in warm Rinso suds in 12 minutes.

No hard rubbing needed. No more

backache. Money saved on soap, for Rinso does your whole wash alone. Your wash done hours faster—yet everything beautifully clean! Get Rinso! Remember—a 2-minute boil or a 12-minute soak...

That's all it takes with

RINSO

3d., 6d., and 10d. a packet



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R. S. Hudson Limited, London

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best! The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

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TONIC YEAST.

GUARANTEED PURE LIVE YEAST
FREE FROM DRUGS
50 TABLETS 1/3
130 3/-
Of all Chemists.

This Life-giving Tonic restores Vitality & Youthful Vigour. It conquers Indigestion, strengthens the Nerves & clears the Skin. Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST.

It's PURE... It's SAFE
It DOES MOST GOOD!

Gives
MORE
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and
BETTER
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1/3 for 50

Make
Christmas happiness
LAST FOR
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THE EASY CHAIR THAT ADJUSTS ITSELF

GIVE a Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair this Christmas and you can be quite certain that the happiness it brings on Christmas Day will continue every day for many years to come.

The glorious comfort of the Berkeley Superlax makes home happiness absolutely complete—handsome in appearance, its inviting softness and deep upholstery give perfect rest and relaxation.

It is the ideal gift for every age and suits everyone, tall or short, for it actually fits in with every mood. With its patented automatic action any position from upright to resting or lounging can be changed to without making adjustment or leaving the chair. It is also the finest Easy Chair value on the market. Its astounding low price is only made possible by specialised production, enormous output, and direct selling from the great Berkeley factories to the public.

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Settee to match £5:12:6

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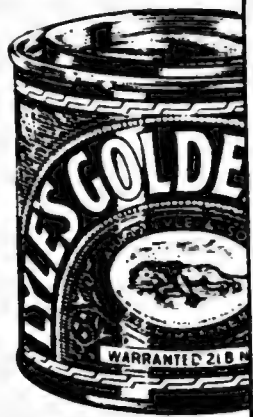
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They complement
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them both!



Lyle's Golden Syrup—the most popular and economical preserve—is now available in two forms: the familiar tin and the dainty

glass jar for table use. There are very many more interesting and economical uses for Lyle's than you probably realise—write to the address below for our valuable free recipe book.

Compiled by Elizabeth Craig, it describes new ways with favourite dishes and a large variety of quite new and exciting recipes. Lyle's Golden Syrup is not only delicious but highly nourishing and replaces more costly preserves. Keep the glass jar on the table for every meal and see how a spoonful transforms porridge, rice pudding, cereals, bread and butter, toast, etc.

**LYLE'S
GOLDEN SYRUP**

in the familiar tin, and also
in the glass jar for table use

Supt. Hambrook's Case Book

NEW Year's Day ten years ago, when I was Divisional Detective-Inspector at Albany Street, London, N.W.

An urgent call—passed from the uniform branch—reached my desk in the small, inconvenient room which was my office in that important police station.

"A case of suspected murder of a young woman at Arlington Road, Camden Town," was the effect of the message.

In the space of a very few minutes I and my assistant detective officers were on the spot.

Arlington-road is one of those rather decrepit streets of stoutly-built, old-fashioned houses which knew better times. The place fell from its former dignity and comfort as middle-class London moved out to newer suburbs. The houses which had formerly been family residences were mainly let off in flats and tenements.

We were concerned with an upper apartment rented by a Mrs. Walker, who lived with a daughter, Polly Walker, aged sixteen, and a son named Frank.

I was taken to a small upper bedroom and there saw a terrible scene. The body of the child, Polly Walker, was lying on the floor in her night attire and brutally injured. There were the marks of several blows on the head, and I saw that a stocking was tied tightly about her throat.

////

The room was in great disorder. Things scattered everywhere. There was a poker on the eiderdown of the bed, and also part of a broken pair of tongs. The rest of the tongs had been thrown behind the window curtain. At the foot of the bed, placed on a chair was a man's overcoat.

It was obvious from my inspection of the tongs that they were the weapon with which the girl had been struck down. The police-surgeon, who was in the room with me, gave his opinion that death was due to suffocation caused by the stocking, combined with the shock following six head injuries.

There was no difficulty at all in establishing the identity of the suspected murderer. The coat on the chair was identified by Mrs. Walker as belonging to an out-of-work tailor name Eugene de Vere. This man had been paying marked attentions to poor little Polly Walker, and had displayed angry fits of jealousy over her.

In the pocket of the overcoat I discovered a latch key which later was found to fit the door of de Vere's lodgings in Delancey Street, Camden Town, only about a hundred yards away from the Walker home.

Eugene de Vere was twenty-six years of age. By trade he was actually a tailor, but he had no regular employment and lived a precarious existence. For months he had been trying to earn money by playing an accordion in the streets and outside the pit doors of West-End theatres. Earlier in life, de Vere met with an accident, and his left leg was amputated. He wore an artificial limb.

////

From Mrs. Walker and her son Frank, who was employed on the railway, I learnt the full circumstances of the friendship between de Vere and Polly Walker.

Although the Walkers were only poor people, they had befriended de Vere. He was allowed to have his meals with the Walkers—paying for the food when he had money, but receiving it for nothing if he was without funds.

"He was down and out," said Frank Walker to me, "and as he had no friends in the world we were sorry for him and thought we were doing a Christian act in helping him. We treated him like a brother."

And de Vere returned the friendly, kindly treatment of the Walkers by killing the daughter of the house.



CRIME of Polly Walker's LOVER



Polly Walker, and the crippled musician, Eugene de Vere, who killed her in a fit of jealousy

Apparently, he had fallen desperately in love with pretty young Polly.

Indeed, de Vere became so persistent that he annoyed Polly with his attentions. Moreover, he showed a strong hostility towards an old friend of the family whose company she preferred.

On occasions Polly complained to her mother that de Vere "tormented her" and that her health was suffering in consequence.

////

Mrs. Walker and her son talked matters over, and just before Christmas, 1925, they decided to tell de Vere that it was not desirable that he should continue to use the house any further or to pay court to Polly.

They, however—because of their kindness—postponed giving effect to this decision until after Christmas. As Mrs. Walker said to me, "We did not want to spoil the poor fellow's Christmas."

On Christmas Day there was a party given by the Walkers at which both de Vere and a chauffeur named Miall were present. Miall had known Polly Walker since she was a slip of a girl, and without question she was fond of him.

Resentment against Polly's preference for Miall was displayed by de Vere at the party. He objected to the girl being taken for a motor ride by the chauffeur, declaring, "You can't go; you promised to go out with me."

Some days later there was another scene between Polly and de Vere over her going out to a dance with Miall. De Vere on that occasion made threats against Polly Walker and the chauffeur. "You have played me up for the last time," said de Vere to the frightened girl.

On New Year's Eve, however, the quarrel had been patched up somewhat, for Mrs. Walker, Frank, the son, Polly Walker and de Vere went to the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields to attend the watchnight service. They returned home in the early hours of the morning, de Vere parting from them outside the house in Arlington Road and going off, ostensibly to his lodgings.

At seven in the morning Mrs. Walker was up and preparing breakfast. She

took Polly's meal to her bedroom and then went to work, leaving her daughter in bed. In the ordinary way Polly Walker should have been up and away to her employment as a cashier in a neighbouring shop by 9 o'clock.

She did not turn up at her job. A fellow-employee was sent to find out what was keeping Polly Walker at home. She could get no answer to her knocking at the house. So she waited around until the mother, Mrs. Walker, returned to the house at mid-day.

Hastening up the stairs to see what had happened to her daughter, Mrs. Walker went straight to the bedroom, and there, to her horror, saw the body of the girl by the bed.

That was the framework of previous events leading up to the tragedy which I secured in statements from the witnesses. I was able also to place fairly exactly the actual time of the murder.

A Mrs. Lukey, who occupied rooms in the lower part of the house, came forward with the information that a few minutes before 9 o'clock that morning she heard a short, sharp scream from

(Continued on page 30)

The rights of man



See that you get what you legitimately want. Do not be dictated to by others as to what you should eat or drink. If you have any difficulty in obtaining SANDEMAN Port make a fuss and insist on it!

Unrivalled for 145 years

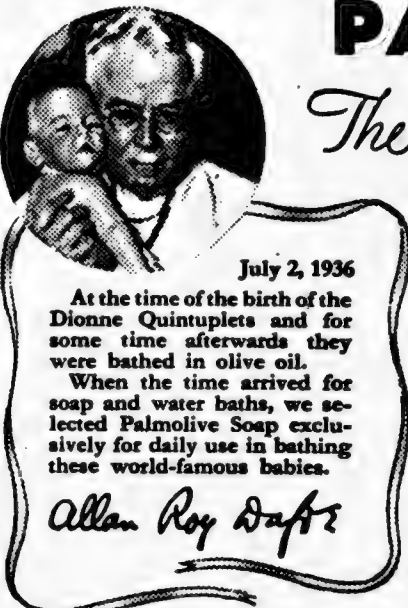
SANDEMAN
PORT

At first THEIR ONLY BATH WAS *Olive Oil*



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Now the Quintuplets use only **PALMOLIVE** *The Olive Oil Soap*



July 2, 1936

At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets and for some time afterwards they were bathed in olive oil.

When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies.

Allan Roy Dafoe

Read this message from Dr. Dafoe, the "Quins" own doctor, about the important question of a soap for baby skins.

What could the specialists find that was gentle enough for washing the skins of the world-famous Quintuplets? First—during the critical early months—just pure Olive Oil. And afterwards? Simply a pure olive oil soap—Palmolive . . . exactly the same Palmolive soap you yourself can buy anywhere for 3d. a tablet!

"What a natural choice!" women everywhere will say. For they know how gently but thoroughly Palmolive cleanses. Safeguard your Schoolgirl Complexion—and your children's—with Palmolive like the "Quins" do!

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE DIONNE 'QUINS'

- 1 There was less than one chance in fifty-million that they would be born alive.
- 2 When all five of them had lived for more than an hour they had established a record in the history of the world!
- 3 All told, they weighed at birth no more than 13 lbs. 11 ozs.!
- 4 Yet before they were 18 months old they weighed nearly 20 lbs. each!
- 5 Today there are not five more healthy, happy, bonny little girls living than Cecile, Yvonne, Emilie, Annette and Marie Dionne!



THE NEW BABY MOTHER'S RESOLUTION

How natural it is for mothers to tell of their experiences with babies and pass on their discoveries to others.

Recently we found in our postbag a letter which said, "I have four healthy children and have used Steedman's Powders from the first. I shall use them for the new baby, too."

Just a busy mother at Barrow Haven who has proved Steedman's the finest aperient from teething time until fourteen years of age.

You, too, will find Steedman's Powders invaluable for your little ones. They are obtainable everywhere at three halfpence each, stamped with the double EE for your protection.

And if you haven't a copy of our practical little book, "Hints to Mothers," send for one without delay. It gives concise advice and guidance about all childish ailments, describing symptoms and treatment in a simple, straightforward way. Quite free on receipt of the coupon or a post-card.

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Address

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SKIN TORMENT QUICKLY RELIEVED!

There is nothing like D.D.D. Prescription for relieving the fiery irritation of Eczema, the intense pain of wounds, ulcers and boils, and the disfigurement of facial blemishes. This antiseptic non-greasy lotion heals the skin through the skin. Salves and ointments remain on the surface and simply clog the pores. D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a penetrating liquid wash, is absorbed the moment it is applied, sinking through the pores and washing out the germs deeply buried in the underlying tissue. It has no equal in the treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, and Bad Leg. Irritating spots and pimples are cleared overnight. D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable for Chilblains. It promptly clears away Dandruff and promotes a healthy condition of the hair and scalp, and as a household remedy has 101 uses. Excellent as a gargle; as a general antiseptic for cuts, burns and scalds. 1/3 a bottle at all chemists.

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We are sure that you already have worry enough, and that you will be glad to know that every Boots product is subject to a series of exhaustive tests for purity and freshness before ever it leaves Boots factory. And if you do not already entrust your prescriptions to Boots you may rest assured that Boots dispensers are fully equipped to undertake the responsibility and that Boots prices are modest enough to reduce your chemist's bill considerably.

YOU CAN RELY ON **The Boots Chemists**

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To keep a family
healthy and happy on
£2.15.0
a week

— a woman's
got to know how
to get the most good
out of food



"That's why
I always buy
Rowntree's
Cocoa."

says Mrs. Burgess, of
Sutton Coldfield,
Birmingham.

HOW MRS. BURGESS SPENDS HER MONEY	
	s. d.
Rent	12 6
Clothes	4 0
Coal and gas	3 6
Furniture	5 0
Endowment	2 3
Insurance	2 2
Sick Club	1 1
Fares	6 6
Food	17 0
Sundries	1 0
	£2 15 0

"KEEPING four on £2.15.0 a week is nothing wonderful compared with what some women have to do. But 6/6 for Dad's fares is rather heavy, and by the time we've paid for everything there's only 17/- left for food."

"To keep us fit and well on that I've got to see we get the utmost good out of every meal we have. That's why I always use Rowntree's Cocoa. Somehow I find that Rowntree's helps us to get more goodness from everything we have with it. It actually helps to make every penny I spend on food go further."

"Another good thing about Rowntree's is that it's so much easier to digest than other cocoas. My husband suffered from indigestion, but taking Rowntree's regularly has cured him completely."

You're quite right about Rowntree's Cocoa, Mrs. Burgess! It does make all the difference to the nourishment your family get. The reason's simple.

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special pre-digestion process. This makes it more digestible than other cocoas. So digestible, in fact, that it actually helps digest all other foods eaten with it — as no ordinary cocoa can. It even makes milk three times as digestible!



Margaret Burgess, 3, and Walter, 6. "They both owe a lot to Rowntree's Cocoa," says Mrs. Burgess. "They have it regularly every day. It has helped a lot to make them so strong and sturdy."

This means that your family gets more good from every meal you serve it with. Every penny you spend on food goes further. If you are faced with the problem of bringing up a family on a limited income, Rowntree's Cocoa will be a big help to you. Ask for it next time you're buying cocoa.



FREE! TWO ALL-LINER GLASS CLOTHS

One of hundreds of Free Gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE22, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Souvenir Gift Booklet, showing handsome Coasters and Souvenirs. Free Gift coupons in every tin.

Continuing—the CRIME of Polly Walker's LOVER

LIMPING KILLER on the STAIRS

the room above. This was followed by the sound of hurried footsteps coming down the stairs.

She recognised those footsteps, she said, as the footsteps of de Vere, because of the stumping limp occasioned by his artificial limb.

Another thing I found was that de Vere, before he left the Walkers' room, stole a gold watch and chain and other property belonging to Frank Walker.

Before the day was out we were able to issue a description of Eugene de Vere as a man whom I was anxious to interview in connection with the murder of Polly Walker. This description was circulated to every police station in the country.



I soon managed to trace the movements of de Vere on that New Year's Day.

After saying "good-bye" to the Walkers in the early morning, he waited around a coffee stall in Camden Town for several hours, until he knew that the time had arrived when Mrs. Walker would have left her house for work, and Polly be alone in the place.

Following the crime, he made several calls at pawnbrokers' shops. There he got rid of the articles he had stolen. In the Hampstead Road he pledged a silver cigarette case and a gold chain with a silver match-box attached, using the name "William Black." Again in Edgware Road he pledged a gold watch. In the Harrow Road he purchased a new soft hat, with a wide turned-down brim. From that point he disappeared.

He had the impertinence to post the pawn tickets he obtained back to Mrs. Walker by registered letter that same day.

Within forty-eight hours de Vere was caught. Police-Sergeant Saunders, of the Hertfordshire Constabulary, stationed at Hitchin, saw a man answering de Vere's description sitting in a small temperance hotel in the town.

When spoken to by the sergeant, de Vere admitted his identity. He said that he had walked the thirty-two miles

from London. He admitted stealing the gold watch and other things from the Walkers' house.

During my subsequent investigations I secured the history of Eugene de Vere.

His real name was Ewen Anderson Stitchwell, and he was born in Kincardineshire, Scotland. Throughout his early life he was constantly ailing.

When he left school he was apprenticed to the tailoring trade, with a co-operative society. At this stage of his life he became devoutly religious, and was for a time in the Salvation Army.

On his eighteenth birthday—the war being still then in progress—he was called up for service and was accepted as a tailor in the Royal Air Force. He was demobilised in 1919, and returned to his home.

Apparently he could not settle down, for after five months he rejoined the Royal Air Service in his trade, but did not remain there for long. According to his own story—which I had subsequently met with some kind of accident at York in 1920, when his leg was amputated and an artificial limb fitted.

There followed wanderings with a small, poorly equipped theatrical company. Eventually de Vere tramped to London with a barrel organ.

He never attempted to earn a living as a tailor in London. He preferred to be an itinerant musician. Without doubt he could play different instruments with some skill. It was his practice to wear evening clothes when out in the streets. He attracted attention by this, and gained better receipts.

Because of the terrible circumstances of this tragedy and the fact that the Walkers had befriended de Vere as far as they could, considerable public indignation was manifest against my prisoner when he was taken to the inquest and to the police court.

When the first hearing before the coroner was adjourned and de Vere was being escorted from the court, Frank Walker rushed at him, shouting, "You have murdered my sister," and struck de Vere a blow which felled him to the ground.

I cannot pretend I was sorry to see the scoundrel knocked down in that way, although afterwards, of course, I took ample precautions to prevent a recurrence of any such incident.

Tried at the Old Bailey, de Vere gave for the first time his own version of the crime.



He said that on New Year's morning he went to Mrs. Walker's house and put the kettle on the gas to make some tea. Polly Walker came in from her bedroom and asked what he wanted. After some conversation they quarrelled. Polly called him a beast and bit his finger. He picked up the tongs, ran after her into her bedroom, and there hit her on the head. His explanation was that he really did not know what he was doing. He did not know that he had picked up the poker as well, but he believed he had done so.

"She fell to the floor," said de Vere in the witness-box. "I picked her up and put her on the bed. Then I picked up the stocking and tied it round her neck.



Eugene de Vere, with a police escort, shortly after his arrest for the murder

As I laid her on the bed she said, 'Eugene, I love you for ever more.' Those were the last words she spoke.

"When I saw what I had done I wanted to get away. I had no money, so I broke open the cupboard and stole the jewellery."

Counsel for the defence argued that in view of the "provocation" the prisoner received the jury might clearly return a verdict of manslaughter.



Mr. Justice Salter, who took the trial, explained in his summing up the Law with regard to provocation. The learned judge pointed out that to justify a verdict of manslaughter the provocation must be intolerable to the ordinary man—more than human flesh and blood could bear.

The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against de Vere, but they added a recommendation to mercy on the grounds "of strong provocation and the peculiar mentality of the prisoner."

Conviction and sentence were upheld by the Court of Criminal Appeal and no effect was given by the Home Secretary to the jury's recommendation. Eugene de Vere was executed on March 25, 1926, at Pentonville Prison, and I, for one, consider he deserved his fate.

My last part in this painful, sordid case was to attend at Pentonville Prison on the morning of the execution and to formally identify the body of the executed man before the coroner's jury.

Next Week:

Secrets of the Flying Squad



What a
grand
kick-off!

Cold meat and Pan Yan — what a team! Certain to score every time! There's something about the flavour that people just can't resist. And Pan Yan acts as a stimulant to the digestive organs. Keeps folks in a good humour! Yes—Pan Yan's a grand kick-off for a happy meal!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS



AND I SUPPOSE MUMMY GETS YOU TO HELP HER TO DO HER LOVELY GRATES?

OH NO, MUMMY USES ZEBO! I HELP WITH THE HARD WORK

Zebo liquid grate polish has these advantages

1 — ZEBO IS EASIER TO USE. All you do is to shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, apply to the grate, give a brisk polish, and it's done! There's no need for elaborate preparations. Just unscrew the top and use this liquid polish straight from the tin.



2 — ZEBO GIVES QUICK AND LASTING RESULTS. A little Zebo and the dullest grate shines and sparkles. And, remember, you can keep your grate bright and glossy all the week round by giving it a quick rub over with Zebo when you've cleared the ashes. It only takes a minute. That's the advantage of using Zebo.



SPECIAL NOTE. You'll be delighted to find how long a 6d. tin of Zebo lasts. Zebo's handy cap prevents it from drying up — so that you can use it to the last drop. There's absolutely no waste. Zebo saves time, too. It's so quick and easy to use.

RECKITT & SONS LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON



ZEBO THE MODERN POLISH FOR GRATES



MUST BE WON!

£25 £10 £5

and **20** Consolation prizes

OH DEAR, OH BOTHER, DASH & BLOW



THESE TICKLING THROATS DO SPOIL THE SHOW



BUT ZUBES PRODUCE A PIN-DROP HUSH



(Write a fourth line for this rhyme in the space above and win a big money prize)



Another £50 for the best last lines. Zubes quick and easy rhyming competitions offer this sum every week. Have a shot at this one! A bright half-dozen words or so. Write them in the blank space above, and post, together with your name and address and the wax paper disc from a tin of Zubes (or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose) to Dept. 5a, ZUBES RHYMES, Sunnysdale, Derby. Remember—the judges' decision is final. The competition closes on November 28th. Names and addresses of winners will be published in "The Leader" Dec. 15 or can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the address above. Another rhyming contest (No. 6) will appear in this paper next week. Keep on trying. And keep on sucking Zubes. On cold, damp, foggy days there's nothing like them for comforting your throat and chest and giving you a warming glow.

Hoarse? Go suck a Zube

In flat tins

3d.

and 6d.

Loose 21d. per ounce

ZUBES

Zubes are best for throat and chest



Its beauty is more than tin deep

The 'Minor' tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin 'takes the strain.'

And what a worthy mission in life,

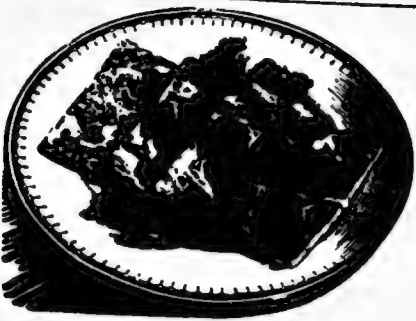
to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

The price is 1/- for 30. Give them a trial straight away. They're at all tobacconists.

Ask for a tin of thirty De Reszke Minors

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so easy, so tasty—
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Libby's Cooked Corned Beef has long been recognised by experienced housewives to be the perfect choice for a first-class meal at short notice.

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COOKED CORNED BEEF



THE NAME **Libby's**
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ONE OF THE FAMILY
who needs your help now

At this time of the year your dog gets less exercise, and you give him richer foods. Under this double handicap, it is difficult for him to be fit and grow a thick coat for protection against cold and damp. He needs Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which keep dogs fit by purifying the blood. Nourished by pure blood, your dog's coat will grow dense and take on a lovely 'bloom.' What is more, he'll be safe from winter lassitude and sickness, or troubles like scratching and eczema. Begin now—and see the difference regular Bob Martin's will make to your dog.

In packets 6d. and 1/- from all chemists, etc.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

MY BIG STORY by Registered Reader No. 301,902

as told to Conrad Phillips, who is visiting registered readers' homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Mr. Leonard Wiebkin, of 91, Newington Green Road, N.1

THERE were four of us around the fire—Leonard Wiebkin, Mrs. Wiebkin, a man named Thompson and myself. The artist's materials on the table gave evidence of our host's profession. He was a short, dark man with brown, alert eyes. In the cosy room where we sat, Wiebkin told us stories of his youth. He life had, to say the least, been packed with adventure. He had joined the Army in his teens, and after numerous escapes from death had left the Army and "barnstormed" around the British Isles with a small theatrical troupe.

When things were bad and engagements were scarce Wiebkin applied his artistic talent to pay his rent. Sometimes he would paint signs and posters for village shops. At other times a cartoon for a local newspaper would net him a small sum. His versatility was astounding. His conversation showed that he was an intellectual and discerning man. He spoke with fluency, and by the way he led up to his points one inferred that he was a born story-teller.

Having spoken for an hour of his adventures in France, a chance reference to a seemingly supernatural occurrence brought about a general discussion of this subject. The man Thompson expressed a doubt that any evidence existed of supernatural occurrences. He was a born sceptic. I maintained a neutral attitude. But Wiebkin leaned back in his chair and smiled.

□□□□□

"Of course," he said, "I don't expect you will believe what I am going to tell you. All I can say is that it happened to me and is true."

"Many years ago," he began, looking at Thompson, "I was like you. When people spoke of supernatural happenings I took them with a grain of salt. But after an uncanny experience I had in Ireland I changed my opinion."

"At the time it happened, I was playing an old-fashioned melodrama in a village in County Galway. We had taken a little hall near the blacksmith's shop. Facing the hall was a square surrounded by small cottages. Most of the inhabitants were simple peasants who believed in fairies and elves."

"The village nestled snugly between undulating hills which on one side faced the Atlantic Ocean. They were grey hills, which for the most part were covered with mists."

"The day I arrived at the village the weather was shocking. All day rain had swept before a driving wind, saturating everything."

"Lodgings had been obtained for me in a little thatched cottage at the top of a hill. Half-way up this hill were ruins of an old barracks. This had been burnt down during the rebellion a year or so before, and several members of the Royal Irish Constabulary had perished in the flames. Sinn Feiners had fired it during the night."

"My landlady was eighty years old. She had lived in the village all her life. Her husband had died the year before at the age of eighty-five, and, with all her children in America, she lived alone. She was a dear old soul."

"Nothing was too much trouble for her. I was very comfortable during my stay, and I would spend hours sitting with her by the fire listening to strange stories of fairies and elves."

"Several mornings after my arrival I spent two hours listening to stories of her youngest son. He had run away from the village 20 years before, and she had heard nothing of him since."



I pointed to her son. "There he is," I said. "Where is who?" she asked, looking surprised

WEIRD Encounter

"By all accounts he was a wild, adventurous youth. In the village he was known as a scamp. He had indulged in all sorts of mischief, but for all that his old mother idolised the memory of him."

"The first performance we gave in the village was a great success. At the end of the show villagers applauded us with an enthusiasm that made us glow with pride."

"As I was changing my clothes to go home, an old inhabitant came into the room and sat down. It was from him that I learned the history of the ruined barracks. Ever since they had been burnt down, the village had, he said, been troubled by the ghosts of the victims."

"Being incredulous, I laughed, but by the earnest look in his eyes, I could see that he believed what he was saying. If ghosts did not exist in fact, I was convinced that he had seen them in his mind."

"Leaving the hall after he had gone, I ducked my head to avoid the rain. Above in the sky, black rugged clouds raced over the hills, and in the tops of the trees a high wind moaned eerily."

□□□□□

"Before me the village square lay hidden under a canopy of blackness. There were no lights in the cottages, and as I walked towards the hill an inexplicable apprehension filled my being. What caused it I don't know. As I walked blindly across the square I felt to reflecting upon the haunted ruins up the hill."

"I reasoned that such phenomena were unlikely; but the farther I walked the more I doubted my own logic, and I don't mind confessing that as I neared the ruins I felt like turning back and sleeping in the hall where I had been playing."

"It was when I was almost level with the ruins that I met the stranger. He was a tall, gaunt man, dressed in a heavy overcoat and a slouch hat. In the darkness I could only see the black outline of his figure. He spoke to me first."

"Excuse me," he said. "Could you tell me where Mrs. O'Brien lives now. She used to live down the hill in the square some years ago."

"Mrs. Kathleen O'Brien?" I asked, welcoming his presence.

"The same," he returned. "I'm just going to her place," I said. "As a matter of fact I am lodging there. This seemed to please him."

"Good," he added, whereupon he walked beside me up to the hill."

"It's many years since I was here," he went on. "I lived here as a boy. Mrs. O'Brien is my mother. I've been in the States. I was a policeman in New York."

He paused here and looked up at the sky. Then he went on to ask me about his mother; whether she was in good health, and the details of his father's death.

"I told him I had just arrived in Ireland, and questioned him about himself. He seemed reluctant to talk, and thinking that he might be in some kind of trouble, I dropped the subject, and we walked the rest of the way to the house in silence."

"Outside the cottage he stopped, and turning to me said, 'I'd rather not go in if ye don't mind. I'd like to rest a bit.' His voice sounded rather strange."

□□□□□

"Entering the cottage myself, I said to Mrs. O'Brien, who was sitting in front of the fire, 'There's someone outside that knows you.'"

"She came to the door with me, and throwing it open, I pointed to her son who was leaning against the vine-covered trellis-work."

"There he is," I said.

"Where is who?" she asked, looking surprised. "Sure, there's no one there. Ye're just blarneying me. You're as bad as my son, Tim. He was always at me with his jokes." Whereupon she laughingly returned to the fire.

"I looked again, and blinked. To my amazement the figure had disappeared."

"Two days later a cablegram arrived for Mrs. O'Brien. She asked me to open and read it to her. It was from the New York Police Commissioner. Her policeman son, Tim, had been killed in a gun-battle with American gangsters."

Fitness through the forties

★ **De KUYPER'S** HEART LABEL
HOLLANDS



★ AVAILABLE IN ALL SIZES

SHE DIDN'T WANT TO FLY THE ATLANTIC

All her interest centred round her home. Making jam, feeding chickens, and looking after the children kept her busy. Then for no apparent reason, these things began to pall . . .



THERE must be hundreds of people all over the country who wake up tired and get more and more tired as the day goes on. It never occurs to them that energy is still used up during sleep, so they do nothing to create new energy in its place. The last thing they suspect is "Night-Starvation."

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Included in this Bargain Bale are just the things every woman uses daily—Sheets, Blankets, Pillow Cases, Quilt, Spread and Bolster. A handsome and sensible group for every bed... one that will please with long service as well as low price.

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We guarantee our prices to be equal to or lower than any cash prices in all England. That is our proof to you that we make No Charge for Easy Terms.

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Two sheets of fine-woven heavy and durable unbleached twill, in size 70 x 90 inches, select, strong cotton yarns to give many years of service.

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One Bolster Case in same fine white bleached cotton, size 19 x 54 inches.

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One Beautiful Bedspread in choice of five guaranteed fast colours. You may have it in Rose, Blue, Gold, Green or Helio, approximately 80 x 100 inches. A Spread with just a final touch of beauty to "make the bed."

We take ALL the risk. We guarantee to please you, or cheerfully refund your first payment, plus return postage cost, if you are not highly pleased.

Be ready for the cold weather with this neat, warm, and handsome outfit. At this bargain price, you'll want a set for each bed.

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Colour of Spread..... (Colour of quilt will match spread.)

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MARE STREET, LONDON, E.8.

"From the moment I got up..."

7.30

Reveille. Tea in bed. (John's a lamb.) Dentures splendid since Milton cleans them overnight.

8.30

Breakfast. Scorched the porridge and burnt wrist saving the bacon. Milton full strength "on the affected part," as they say in the directions. Marvellous how quickly the pain goes.

8.55

Breakfast over—rude remarks about the bacon, etc.

9.15

The working (?) party has left. Proud housewife gets on with the job of tidying up after them.

12.45

Peter limps home from school with vague story about a cap and having fallen over a wall. Washed the wound with Milton, so need not worry. Peter's proud of his bandage—such a long one.

15.00

Raining. Lit sitting-room fire and wrote four letters. Then rebuilt rock garden (from window seat).

17.10

Father home early with a sore throat. Only one thing for that—gargle, gargle, little pa... All be gone by bedtime.

19.30

World tour on new radio set. Whistle our way back to the National programme.

22.30

Bedtime stories... Milton (not the poet) on the bathroom shelf. False teeth love it; I mean, it does make them so much more comfortable and really clean in the morning.



Members of the "Youth House" help with the cooking and wait on themselves

You Must be UNDER THIRTY

WHAT is Youth contributing towards the solution of social problems, towards the relief of distress, towards the establishment of a new order and world peace? These questions are answered by the innumerable youth organisations which carry on their efforts for those very objects with dauntless courage and enthusiasm.

The complete answer, however, is to be found in a gloomy Victorian mansion in Camden Town, London. At least, the outer appearance of the place is somewhat venerable; astonishing changes have been worked inside.

There, quietly and efficiently, a handful of young people are getting on with an astonishing job of work. They are managing the business of living together in perfect harmony, a self-contained little community, and pulling together for the sake of their "causes."

If this seems extraordinary, just come along with me and see how it works out. I found the house easily enough, for it is fronted with an immense notice-board bearing the title, "Youth House."

The door was opened by a worried-looking young woman who muttered something about "serving the soup" before disappearing abruptly downstairs. It transpired, however, that so far from being a harassed domestic, she is a London University student, and merely "one of the family."

THEN there arrived in the hall a smiling young man in flannels, who began without delay to enthuse about Youth House.

"I'm a director, you know," he said, "and you call me Bill. Directors are elected, of course, and no one makes any money. We direct the policy, if you understand, and keep the thing on the right lines."

He plunged into the history of the place, explaining how it was founded by a few young people who had met on walking holidays, and who hated the idea of returning to the loneliness of "digs."

Their first proud title was "The Guild of the Citizens of To-morrow," in the days when they just had one room and a great deal of enthusiasm. But when they took their own house they adopted the simpler name.

"We have room for twenty-two residents," said Bill, "and each one pays for a room about fifteen shillings. By the way, have you eaten? Well, come on down to the restaurant!"

The restaurant proved to be a large, pleasantly furnished room with a kind of serving hatch at one end. A lad of eighteen or so was solemnly carrying plates of salad from this hatch to the various crowded tables. There were about thirty people in the room, and their laughter was infectious.

"You see," Bill said, "we wait on ourselves. Later you'll see how we do our own washing-up and cleaning, and help with the cooking. Pierre—a Frenchman, of course—is the waiter this week, but I'm down for next week."

All the time this young man spoke his eyes sparkled and his pleasure in talking about the arrangements was obvious.

"What you must understand," he said,

"is that we all work for the happiness of the lot. We are a miniature co-operative society. We do without servants, keeping our own rooms clean, making our own beds. Where one man has special skill, he applies that for the benefit of all."

"For instance, George there is an electrician. He looks after all the lights and fuses and things. Joan is an artist, and has decorated most of the rooms. I am an accountant, so I run the books, and so on. Then there are various must jobs, such as waiting at table and washing-up."

The young director described the "fun" they had had rearranging the rooms and repainting the interior of the building.

"We found that by building a partition we could provide room for three chaps, with comfort and privacy, instead of two. So, as we had a waiting list of people who want to live here, we made the change."

The numbers of men and girls are fairly even. "We mix freely in the common rooms, but the 'sanctity' of each person's room is strictly respected."

Other earnest young people came along to express their views. A girl of twenty, a schoolmistress, told me that her life had been entirely altered since she joined the little community.

"I was desperately lonely, away from my family and alone in London. It was difficult to make friends with the elder mistresses, and I spent weary hours reading in my dingy bed-sitting-room."

"When I joined this club I was astonished to find what kind of unselfish spirit prevailed, and soon I put my name on the waiting list to become a resident. Now, every moment is full, and I am happy for the first time in months."

Youth House has certain principles which you must abide by. As one young man put the matter, "It attempts to reconcile individual freedom with communal life, without regard to differences of race, creed, politics and so on."

"You mustn't think that we are only out to make life easy for ourselves," he went on.

WE were sitting in his pleasant little room, with its easy-chair and divan bed, its bookshelves and writing-desk. He reached over and handed me some leaflets.

"These explain our plans for this winter, and show what we did last year. Every week we fill the evenings with music, lectures, reading and so on. Once a week we have a dance and invite outside people."

"As last year, we intend to give a Christmas party again for the poor kids

of the neighbourhood. We hope to squeeze a few more into the rooms this time. Last year the number was eighty."

Most of the members at Youth House are poor enough, and they are able to conduct their own affairs only by the exercise of rigid economy. Yet they save all through the year to provide the poorest children of the neighbourhood with a Christmas dinner.

Another aspect of their work is to be found in the hospitality they extend to visitors from abroad. They invite members of youth organisations from France, Germany and other countries to visit London, and provide accommodation at a nominal cost.

"The music-room, reading-room and library are turned into dormitories," my informant said, "and we play host.

Of course, there's plenty of work, but plenty of fun, too."

The scope of activity is steadily widening. First there was formed a Youth Club, attached to the house, which now has 300 members. Those members use the facilities of the place, and many take their meals there while waiting hopefully for a vacant room. There is a long waiting list.

Then each year walking tours through other countries, as well as Britain, are arranged at the least possible cost. Last year many hundreds of young people, under the auspices of Youth House, tramped through Austria, Germany, France and Denmark.

Every week-end throughout the year the members and their friends explore the countryside of Britain. Anyone who joins them soon learns of their faiths and beliefs, their passionate hatred of war, their ideals and aims. They carry their gospel on to the road and spread it abroad.

Youth House has disciples all over the world. In five years it has grown from an idea to an institution, and provided a home for thousands of young people now scattered to every country.

AS I walked around the great house, peeping into neat little rooms, watching the members and their friends at all kinds of activities from window-cleaning to water-colour painting, I was astonished at the complete absence of discord. "Of course," said my guide gravely, "there is no one here over thirty—that's one of our strictest rules—and most of us are much younger. We know that elderly people expect us to make mistakes. They do not know that youth is self-reliant, and, left alone, can do very well for itself."

In one room a group of girls were singing songs in harmony. Next door, two young men were playing table-tennis. But downstairs, about four others were still washing-up.

"The little bit of work is regarded as a privilege," the director said. "There is not one of the people at leisure now who would not gladly do an extra turn."

Clearly these young people have discovered a new design for living happily.

J. M.-S.

RHEUMATISM

Famous Nature cure in your own home

Here is good news for the sufferer whose joints are locked in the deadly grip of Rheumatism, for whom every movement is agony. Nature herself has provided the remedy, and now man has brought it to your door.

Among the mountains and pines of beautiful Wales there spring to the surface tonic waters, bubbling over with new life and energy and laden with curative, natural mineral salts. These salts dissolve the sharp, jagged crystals that cause the pain of rheumatism and expel them gently through the bowels. With them go the aches and pains of rheumatism. Rich, purified blood flows through the system, freeing locked joints and releasing stiff muscles.

Thanks to Fynnon Salt, it is no longer necessary to leave home to take the waters. Curative salts have been extracted from the earth similar to those which give spa waters their remarkable medicinal value. Fynnon Salt is packed in tins without the water so that it can be sent all over the country to cure sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago in their own homes. Get a 1/3 tin from your chemist. One teaspoonful in water is equal in medicinal effect to three glasses of natural spa water.

DIGESTION *starts in the Mouth*

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, Heartburn, Acid ty and all stomach troubles.

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J.B. 21/11/36

Men's Solid Silver Wrist Watch, on crocodile, made or pigskin strap, with Silver buckle, £5.15.0.



Colds were always keeping her from school

Now—never a day absent—because she gets enough **'PROTECTIVE FOOD'**

There are food elements whose special job it is to protect children (and grown-ups too) from colds and other winter ailments. Ask your doctor. He will tell you how their systems can successfully resist these tiresome and weakening infections, provided they get all the 'protective foods' they need.

What 'Protective Foods' are Protective foods are those that are rich in minerals and vitamins. These are the 'protective' elements in foodstuffs, and everyone needs a daily supply of them. They maintain the 'tone' of the body, and the natural resistance to illness—which decline as soon as there is any shortage of 'protective food.' Everyone's diet contains some protective foods—milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit—but few people get enough,

especially in winter; and the foods themselves are often poor in their 'protective' elements at this time.

How to make sure of enough

Children suffer from shortage of minerals and vitamins much more acutely than grown-ups do. A 'protective' supplement to the daily diet is always advisable. Give them Bourn-vita daily. Bourn-vita is a delicious combination of fresh, full-cream milk, new-laid eggs, barley malt and chocolate. These ingredients supply the elements necessary to protect the children's well-being—the much needed calcium, phosphorus and iron, the vitamins A, B and D. And all children love Bourn-vita.



Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA
THE PROTECTIVE FOOD
9^D per ½ lb. full weight



"I caught a cough on Guy Fawkes Night"



"My kiddies (including my husband) love a firework display, and ours was a great success. But two or three nights later I was completely laid up with a shocking cold and a hard dry cough that I couldn't throw off for weeks.



"Luckily my husband read about Famel Syrup and asked the chemist about it. The chemist said he always recommended it for coughs. He said it contained a very special preparation that kills the germs."



"I hadn't much faith in it myself but he was dead keen for me to try it. I took a dose in warm milk, and within an hour I noticed that the cough was looser and less painful. Next morning I was coughing less frequently, and there was no doubt I was better. In three days I was quite well again, though still weak and sleeping beautifully with no cough to trouble me."

Mrs. C. G. F. . . . , Cornwall.

Famel brand Syrup is unlike any other cough remedy. It goes to the root of your cough, actually destroying the germs. On sale at all Chemists, 1/6 and 3/- (triple quantity)

YOUR COUGH and HOW TO LOSE IT



The worst mistake you can make is to think that a cough is an illness. It is not. It is merely a sign—a symptom—of an illness. It is Nature's warning that harmful germs are attacking your chest and

throat. If you did not cough you would not know about the danger. So beware of any treatment that merely eases the coughing without destroying the dangerous germs which cause the trouble.

Doctors will tell you that these germs can be destroyed—quickly and certainly by soluble Lactocresosote—the wonderful product discovered in the Famel Laboratories and now available in the medicine called after its creator—Famel Syrup. So take Famel Syrup the moment you have a cough. The soluble Lactocresosote in it will be carried to the centre of the infection—the lungs and throat—to fight and destroy the harmful germs. But that is not all. At the same time the Famel Syrup will soothe your sore throat. It will tone up and strengthen the whole of your system. This winter, be sensible about your cough. Treat it with this scientific preparation—a remedy respected and used by hospitals and clinics all over the world. It is the best treatment, but it is not expensive. A bottle of Famel Syrup costs 1/6 and 3/-—and every Chemist sells it.

FAMEL SYRUP

Goes to the ROOT of your COUGH
Distributors: Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., N.W.2

"MISS FARQUHARSON, could you raise Madrid, please?"

In the voice of Mr. Gibbs, superintendent of the International Telephone Exchange in London, there was a note of resigned hopelessness when he gave this instruction to one of his operators. It was plain that he expected nothing from it—it was just a gesture of official courtesy towards my request for a few minutes' talk with a friend in the Spanish capital.

Miss Farquharson, a Scots girl, with the dark hair and clear complexion of the true Celt, allowed a flicker of surprise to appear in her eyes. The fleeting change of expression said clearly that in her mind was the idea that the superintendent and I must believe we were still living in an age of miracles.

She leaned over from the seat where she had been handling an incoming call from Prince Rupert in the far north of British Columbia to the Madrid panel of the switchboard. Two plugs clicked home, and, first in French and then in Spanish, she spoke some rapid words to exchanges down the depth of Europe.

Often before I had spoken on the 'phone to Madrid, and seldom had to wait a full minute before being connected. This time half-an-hour passed and there was still no sign of response.

Then a yellow light flashed on the board. Miss Farquharson raised her earphones so that I could hear a woman's distant voice from, I believe, Barcelona.

"Madrid—no contesta."

"Madrid—no reply."

The voice that said the words was sad. All the agony and tragedy of martyred Spain were in the simple phrase. Madrid was silent to the outside world. The far-away operator repeated "No contesta" as if she were embodying in her message the torture of her native capital.

Miss Farquharson did not give up. She spoke to Paris about the use of other circuits, and the superintendent advised me to await results.

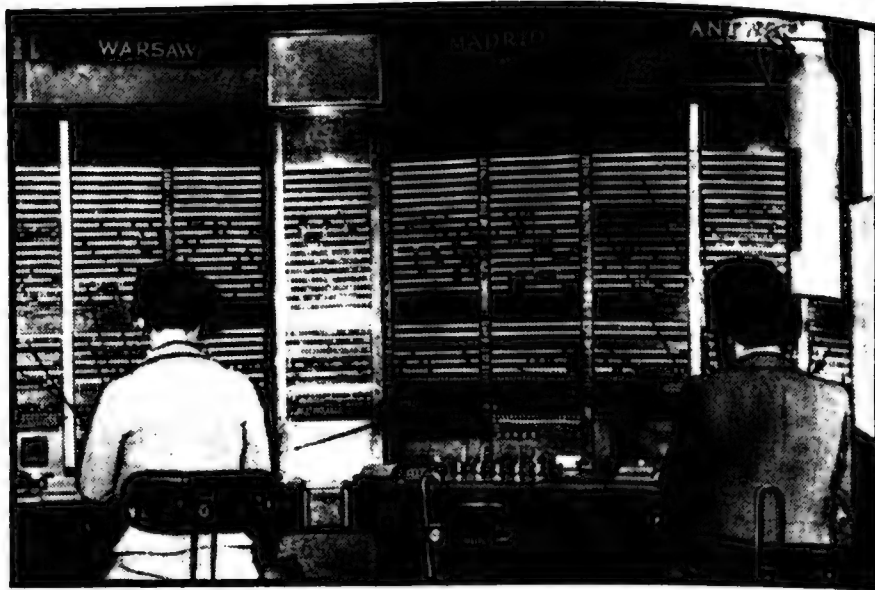
But obviously neither he nor Miss Farquharson had any hope. In the telephone sense, Madrid is dead. It has been so since the trouble began. In that time only two calls have gone through from London.

ALL day and night, however, from all over Britain there is a demand for Madrid. Some calls are from people with relatives still in Spain, but most are from merchants who are anxious about the supply of raisins, currants, oranges, nuts and the like for the Christmas table. There is not a million-to-one chance of getting a connection, but each request is entered on a card and an effort made to comply with it. The pile of cards marked "No reply" is growing into a monument to the first prolonged dislocation in the history of international telephony.

Three or four newspaper war correspondents in Madrid are able to speak to London for a few minutes nightly, but their calls are treated as official Government messages and are relayed through Paris. The direct British cable passes through San Sebastian and into territory held in parts both by the Government and the insurgents, and it has been out of use almost since the first shots were fired.

While I waited for the result of Miss Farquharson's further efforts, the superintendent invited me to inspect the headquarters of the world's whispering gallery in which we stood, and to make a few random calls to the ends of the earth.

It is easy to choose places to speak to from this great room in a narrow lane under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Every country and capital in the world has its name on the switchboard panels, and in ten seconds you can be in touch with any one of them—except Madrid. You can take a seat and have a 'phone talk in any language with one of the girl operators three feet away from you. Nothing very marvellous in that to out-



"Madrid—no reply."—The empty chair before the Madrid switchboard in the International Telephone Exchange is eloquent of the tragedy that has been enacted in Spain

EMPTY CHAIR

..In the World's Whispering Gallery

ward appearance, except for the fact that both voices can be made to travel all round the globe.

No wonder that aerial photographs of the streets and buildings around St. Paul's are much sought after by the war departments of Europe. Above the international telephone room, and feeding it, are five floors containing the apparatus of the whole long-distance inland communications of Britain. One bomb on this target would isolate London from the world and the rest of the country far more completely than Madrid is cut off to-day. There is no cause for alarm. Certain precautions have been taken.

War, civil war, revolution, money crises and market panics come alike to the hundreds of girl operators who, between them, have fluent command of every tongue of civilisation. One event means no more to them than that some territory has become silent, and another that there is extra load on their circuits. They are thoroughly ashamed of themselves when the pressure becomes so great that a subscriber has to wait thirty minutes to get Timbuctoo or Tasmania.

I mentioned to the superintendent that I would prefer to speak to people in the Dominions and Colonies. He warned me of a queer psychological fact in connection with surprise calls to Britons overseas. It is that they invariably begin a 'phone conversation with Britain by asking what the time is and what the weather is like in this country.

I began with a Mr. Hoal, in Capetown. Right away he said, "It will be late afternoon with you, won't it?" and followed the question with one about the climate. When I told him that a November rainstorm was beating against the windows, he let loose a peal of superior laughter. The summer holiday season is coming to its peak in South Africa.

POONA also opened as expected. "Tell us, old man," said an officer of Indian police, "have you any fog? Is it lunch-time at home yet?" It was the same with Sydney, Winnipeg, and Banff, in the Rockies. Always the weather and the time.

Even Buenos Aires wanted weather news. But the capital of Argentina

could tell nothing about events in her sister capital, Madrid. Until a few days before, London had learned a lot from Buenos Aires, which relayed news by 'phone from Madrid's great trans-oceanic radio transmitter. Now even the long-range wireless is silent.

To save time, I began to talk with a Mr. Birkett, in Nairobi, by telling him the hour and the state of the weather. He mentioned that he was just leaving home for a round of golf with a friend who had come in specially for the game from Mombasa, two hundred miles away. "Nothing in that," remarked Mr. Birkett, "I'll run up to his place on Sunday to play a return match."

"Very little is happening in Nairobi," Mr. Birkett went on. "We haven't even had a lion about for ten days. But a big herd of baboons and a pack of wild zebra visited us this morning."

Only Mr. Ashando (or something like that), an engineer in Tokio, was not interested in the British climate. He was rapturous over the fact that perfect speech is now possible across the earth and oceans. "Your British engineers are 'tippy-toppy,'" he said. "But we have done something wonderful, too. We can speak from Tokio to a ship between Yokohama and Hong Kong."

WHEN Mr. Ashando was told that it had been possible for some time to speak from anywhere in Britain to ships like the *Queen Mary* and the *Empress of Britain* anywhere on any ocean, there was a long silence of unbelief.

Then: "Ah-ho-ho! You Brites! Pullah the leg! Ah-ho-ho." I saw that Miss Farquharson was active again on the Madrid panel. She beckoned. From somewhere came a mourning Spanish voice:

"Madrid—guarda el silencio."

"Madrid—she keeps her silence."

W. M.

STOMACH PAINS ARE WARNING SIGNALS

Never dismiss lightly a twinge of pain or a feeling of discomfort in the region of the stomach. Nature is trying to tell you that all is not well with you. If you do not heed her warning, you may have to pay very dearly for your neglect and delay. Nearly all stomach pains arise from acidity. Call it what you like—wind, gas, flatulence, distension; you can trace them to excess acid. The real danger is that neglect of an acid condition results in gastric and even duodenal ulcers and, as most people know, the surgeon's knife becomes a very real threat.

Sure and speedy relief can be obtained, even in long standing cases, by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after meals. This powder, known as the "signature" brand because every bottle carries the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN," has been the salvation of thousands. Never a day passes without a fresh tribute to its benefit being received by Macleans, Ltd. Don't delay another day if your stomach is causing you anxiety. The original MACLEAN BRAND will soon put you right. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- in bottles in cartons. Powder and tablets. Never sold loose.

C.C.545A



IT MUST BE RIGHT—this better blend. Only the right grades of Virginia leaf. Only those grades grown in the right districts. Only the right grades from the right districts, grown in the right years. Only . . . only . . . until finally we achieve—Capstan.

10 for 6d. 20 for 11d. **PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED**



Have you seen the new **PRESENTATION TIN?** 150 cigarettes. Price 7/3.

"JOHN BULL" is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by **FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST.**

IF YOU HAVE NOT SIGNED FOR SAFETY FILL UP THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE FOR **"JOHN BULL'S"** GREAT FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT.

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Hand this Form to your Newsagent	
To (Name of Newsagent).....	Post this Form to "John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.	
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 21/11/36	

"I thought she was trying to annoy me"



"I'M a sales assistant in a very busy department of a big store. Last year I began to get tired and fed-up. There was one customer whom nothing ever seemed to please. I began to imagine she was just trying to annoy me.

"Then, one evening when I was dog-tired, my mother gave me a wineglassful of Hall's Wine. Immediately I felt a warm glow of strength going through me.

"I went on with Hall's Wine, and within a week I felt strong and fit. My job seemed much easier—I had no trouble with customers, and I got better sales figures, too. I didn't feel tired out after work any more—I had plenty of energy left to have fun in the evenings."

—Miss P. C., Streatham.

Just what women need

When women get tired, depressed and run-down, this is a sign that their blood and nerve-cells are weak and underfed through overwork or illness.

Hall's Wine is the tonic specially prepared for this condition, from a doctor's prescription. Within thirty seconds after taking, it pours new strength into your veins. This is a scientifically proved fact.

You can feel Hall's Wine rousing your weakened blood and nerve-cells to new life. The whole world looks bright, and your body is filled to overflowing with lasting vitality and youth!

Hundreds of doctors and nurses prescribe Hall's Wine, taken two or three times a day. Follow their advice—start today!

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 8/6, smaller size, 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

Hall's Wine
THE TONIC THAT DOES YOU GOOD IN THIRTY SECONDS

Stand Clear!
CATARRH

KEEP AWAY. CATARRH IS INFECTIOUS! Get Relief in 30 seconds. Nostoline nasal remedy clears head, stops discharge. Ends Head Colds, Flu, Stiffness, Deafness and Head Noises. 1/3 all Chemists.



'NOSTROLINE'
Free Sample from 'Nostoline' J. 69. Clifton, Bristol.

Dr. Wernet's Powder For FALSE TEETH

Gives Comfort and Confidence
'Nearly puts "Roots" in Dentures'

Dr. Wernet's Powder makes plates hold so firmly and comfortably that they feel natural. A slight sprinkle on the plates makes them hold firmly yet comfortably all day long. No more slipping and clicking, no more embarrassment, no more sore gums. You can talk naturally and chew thoroughly, as with natural teeth. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere. Post Coupon for free trial sample, which will be sent in plain wrapper. Use unsealed envelope 4d. stamp.

FREE SAMPLE

Name.....
Address.....
FASSETT & JOHNSON, Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 132), 24, Clarendon Road, London, E.C.1.

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Use Snowfire Tablet
to keep hands free from ugly work scars

3d. Family Size 7 1/2d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.





The **BRIGHT** way to lovely floors

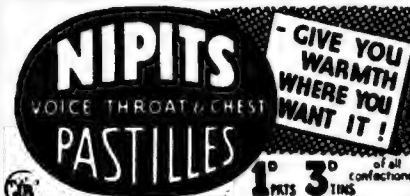
'Mansion' is the polish preferred by millions of housewives because it means brighter and more beautiful floors. Try 'Mansion' on your floors and see what a pleasing polish it gives. 'Mansion' also cleans the surface and its antiseptic properties destroy dust germs. And you'll find it

so quick! so easy! so economical!

MANSION POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM
Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes.

MP. 61 37.



HOT ALKALINE BATHS FOR BACKACHE

Quick, Sure Relief from Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc.

For quick and lasting relief from agonising pains in the back there is nothing so good as resting for twenty minutes in hot alkaline water supercharged with active oxygen. This rapidly eliminates, through the 7,000,000 pores of the skin, the uric acid and other deposits which are pent up in the system and form the direct cause of all rheumatic pains. A medicated alkaline bath is easily prepared at home by dissolving a handful of 'Reudel Bath Salts' in a bath of hot water, which is then impregnated not only with oxygen, but also the essential constituent salts of famous curative spas. Any chemist can supply sufficient 'Reudel Bath Salts' for several baths for 1s. 6d.—ask plainly for "Reo-del" and see you get the YELLOW package.

Tickling Throats

Relieved quickly and pleasantly with...

6d

VICK BRAND LOZENGES

DO GOOD

TASTE GOOD

THREE Young Wives in TROUBLE

MARRIAGE has been called many things. Abraham Lincoln said it was the ideal state, an old proverb says it is a lottery, while a leading educationalist declared recently that for a girl it is the finest career. It can be the most perfect relationship on earth. It can be what Robert Baxter called it as long ago as 1607, "a veritable plague."

Three young married women have written to tell me what they think about it. Here is letter No. 1:—

We have been married six years and would be very happy if it were not for one thing. My husband has a friend who is in a better position than he is and is always asking him to go for outings with him. Almost every night they go out together, and they never return before the small hours of the morning.

Now they have started to go for week-end visits to London and other places. As a result, I am left alone with our two babies, and as I cannot sleep when he is out late, the waiting and worry are having a bad effect on my health.

When I remonstrate that he can't afford to do these things, he tells me that he can't see why he should be denied any pleasure just because I am unable to go. He also says that his friend pays all expenses, and as he never comes home worse for drink or looks at other women he can't see that I have any cause for complaint. I know that his friend drinks far too much, and I am afraid that he will get into the same bad habit.

My husband is sociable and fond of pleasure, and I am quite willing for him to enjoy himself within reason. I am sure he would spend many an evening with me and the children and take us out more often if it were not for his friend's influence. What can I do?



So long as this man enjoys himself he does not seem to care two hoots about his wife. And with a husband, a home and two little babies to look after, she is surely entitled to some pleasure.

My correspondent is also worried by those frequent absences from home, and this will ultimately affect her health. There seems little point in her appealing to her husband. Her efforts in that direction have already fallen on deaf ears. I wonder if a tactful approach to his friend would bear fruit? If there is any decency in him he would at least minimise his invitations.

It may be unwise for this girl to speak to the man herself. But surely there is some mutual friend who will do so. The only other suggestion is to ask the doctor to intercede. He could do so without any charge of interference, for the health of his patient is his concern.

There is nothing worse in life than

"National Hospital For Dentures"

Referring to the article "Hospital in Queer Street" in our issue of October 31, Mr. L. E. Canon and Mr. K. MacDonald, Chairman and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer respectively of the National Hospital for Dentures, inform us that during their unsuccessful libel action against the British Dental Association no allegations were made as to the honesty of the Committee of Management.

We willingly publish this statement and desire to make it clear that the article in question contained no such allegations.



A wife who is subjected to long hours of worry through the absences of a pleasure-mad husband must sooner or later suffer a serious breakdown

Human Documents by Philip Inman

to be unjustly accused. That is the fate of the girl who says:—

I am twenty-four years old and am married, with two little children. Up to a short time ago we kept a shop, which we had to close as our customers did not pay their bills. My husband did not tell me at the time that there was a lot of money due to wholesale firms, which he undertook to repay by so much a week. I also discovered that he had borrowed various sums from his father.

This is my problem. My husband is now in regular work, but his wages are greatly reduced by the amount we have to pay to those wholesale firms. His father, who knows what he earns and is not aware of these debts, says he can't think what we do with the money, and I am accused of being extravagant.

That is most unfair, as I have to look at every penny, for after paying the rent I have only 10s. left for coal and food for the week. These things have been going on for over a year now, and they look like lasting for another two years.

I don't know how to keep going, as the position seems so hopeless. I will be grateful for your advice.

A Spanish proverb says that the last straw breaks the camel's back. I am not surprised that this girl feels she has almost reached that stage.

Struggling, as she is, to make ends meet on a mere pittance, and then to be classed as a spendthrift, would be farcical if it were not so tragic. Is that young husband afraid of his father to act as he is doing? If he is, then it is high time he changed his tactics.

From what I can gather he has nothing of which to be ashamed. He had to close his shop because people would not pay him what they owed. And yet, in spite of that fact, he himself is playing the game.

He might have gone bankrupt and repudiated his debts to those wholesalers. Instead, he is apparently paying them in full. It might be that if his father knew the facts he would come again to his assistance.

In any case, it is only fair to my correspondent that the facts should be known. And I hope her husband will be man enough to take my advice.

There is a blunt question I would like to put to some of my married men readers. It is this: What is a wife's position in life? Is she a help-mate, a companion, an equal, or is she an unpaid servant, a drudge, a slave? My third correspondent writes:

Three years ago I married a man some years my senior. He gives me no money, paying all the household bills himself. And although I have sufficient food I have had no new clothes since I became his wife.

He never takes me to any place of amusement and I am not allowed to be out after seven o'clock in the evening.

If I visit friends I have to walk as I am not allowed any pocket-money, and even if I need a postage stamp I have to show my husband the letter I have written, and if he thinks it unnecessary he tears it up.

The friend whose address I have put at the top of this letter gave me the stamp to write to you.



This isn't married life. It isn't life at all. It is barely an existence. Imprisonment or slavery could be very little worse. My correspondent is at least partly to blame in tolerating it.

She ought to have put her foot down long ago. She must do so without any further delay. "I insist," she should say, "on being treated no longer as a child but as a married woman. It is my province to do the housekeeping, and not only must I be allowed to pay the household accounts but also given a margin to buy my clothes and pay for other things which I need. I am prepared to do my part," she can add, "and you must do yours."

If this man flatly refuses he deserves no consideration at all.

I take it that there are no children. My correspondent should look for some employment for herself. She could probably find work in a shop or an office, or she might find a position as a housekeeper.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 is. will be paid for each letter quoted.

TO RELIEVE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

Everybody who suffers from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affection can be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that has effected a cure in thousands of cases where all else has failed. Even people who were stone deaf have been enabled by it to hear a watch tick seven or eight inches away.

Just go to any chemist and get 10s. of Parmit Double Strength. With it he'll give you some special tablets called Parmit. Mix the Parmit with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup and you've got a bottle that will last a long time. But first take one of the Parmitabs. It breaks the choking phlegm instantly, so that not only will you find your breathing relieved and your hearing vastly improved in a few minutes, but the healing medicaments of the Parmit mixture can reach and attack the germs which lurk in the phlegm-choked passages.

This Parmit recipe is very easy to make up and very economical. If you suffer from catarrh, do try it at once. It's extraordinarily efficacious.



A real good 'fill' at *Eightpence*

'Yes... Digger is my brand... always has been. No finer Empire Tobacco ever went into a pipe... and when it comes to coolness and quality, well—there's nothing to touch it for the money!'

PLAYER'S

DIGGER
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FENNINGS'
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SOLD IN BOTTLES
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INSIST ON
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70 YEARS REPUTATION

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FREE WATCH and JEWELLERY CATALOGUES
Don't overlook Benson's special watch offer on p. 35. Either model illustrated can be secured for 3/- down. Fill in the Coupon for free illustrated watch and jewellery catalogues giving full particulars of these excellent values!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour. The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk. Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Heart worrying you?



"I wish I'd taken the advice of the 'Phyllosan' advertisements—I've been worried often enough."

"Yes, if you'd taken 'Phyllosan' tablets a year ago, this wouldn't have happened. I'll send out for a large bottle immediately."

If you could see a year ahead

—you would start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day! For years, worry and overwork, the stress of modern life, have been hardening your arteries and raising your blood pressure. Your heart takes the strain. Now your heart is tiring. You feel breathless after slight exertion, have attacks of giddiness, feel disinclined to exert yourself.

Your heart needs now the help and renewed strength that 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets can give.

Here is a typical case. Mr. — writes: "I was afraid to go out of doors. If I did I used to fall down with giddiness through my cardiac (heart) trouble. I began to feel better with the first bottle of 'Phyllosan' tablets and shall continue to take them... They are

marvellous for High Blood Pressure and Heart Trouble."

If you suspect that your heart is not as strong as it was, start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!

'Phyllosan' tablets correct the blood pressure, rejuvenate the arteries and strengthen the heart muscle itself. At the same time, they re-activate all the physical and vital forces of the body, irrespective of age.

Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. So simple. But if you take the tablets regularly, the results will astonish you.

'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University.

"They worked wonders!"

"I was told that my heart was worn out and that I was finished. I saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of 'Phyllosan' tablets. They worked wonders. I have been taking them ever since and have recommended them to a great number of people."

I am not finished! I am still carrying on, thanks to 'Phyllosan' tablets." (Mr. —)

"Most convincing results were obtained in cases which had previously resisted every imaginable treatment." — M.D.

Start taking 'PHYLLLOSAN' TABLETS TO-DAY!
BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

Of all chemists, 3/-, 5/-, and Family size, 20/-

The 5/- size contains double, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the quantity of the 3/- size.

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, increase all your Vital Forces

FREE! Tablet-container & Book

We offer you a novel tablet-container in coloured bakelite, for pocket or handbag, into which you can put twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time. This container will be sent FREE, together with a copy of our book "Revitalization and Rejuvenation—A Modern Possibility," on receipt of coupon and 1/- stamp for postage. (Offer is of container only. No tablets will be sent.)

Proprietary rights are not claimed apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan' which is the property and device of the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.



COUPON

To Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 47) 12 Clipstone Street, W.1

I enclose 1/- stamp. Please send a packet-container for 'Phyllosan' tablets, together with free book. J.B. 21 11/36.

Name.....

Address.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS. Use indelible pen. Send stamp in sealed envelope.

Rheumatism

Sufferers can now get
Permanent Relief

This great "mystery" disease claims more victims every year than almost any other complaint suffered by the human race. This agonising disease not only makes the lives of men and women a torture, but is responsible for more loss of employment than any other complaint.

THIS IS ACCORDING TO RECENT GOVERNMENT STATISTICS

But men, and women, too—by the thousands—are learning of a reliable method of getting relief from rheumatism. Once more they learn to enjoy life. Work and play are no longer handicapped by that constant agony in joints and muscles which makes their days a torture and their nights a misery. No longer do they risk the heart-weakening strain that rheumatism brings. This freedom has been secured by the use of a remedy sold by the thousand bottles daily the world over. The Englishman, the Australian and New Zealander, the South African, Argentine or Peruvian, the Hindu and the Chinese are all daily using De Witt's Pills and getting relief from Rheumatism.

Men and women depend on De Witt's Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills when their kidneys are out of order, or rheumatic pains torture them. Always they find their trust amply repaid in the blessed relief they experience. Our files are laden with letters of grateful thanks from all over the world.

This splendid remedy is put up in three sizes. The popular 3/- size is generally tried first, although a 1/3 size can be got at your chemist's. For Rheumatism of long-standing, sufferers will find the 3/- size the most economical, as it contains five times the quantity in the 1/3 size. Be sure you get—

De WITTS 1/3
KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS 3/- 5/-

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

- 1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.
- 2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.
- 3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER

1/6 of all Chemists Double Size 2/6

150,000 Child SLAVES in BRITAIN

HE doesn't wear manacles and he isn't stamped with a number—things you expect to see on a slave in bondage. He is, in fact, just a boy of fourteen or so passing wearily, dragging down your street on his way home at eight, nine or ten at night.

You don't look at him a second time—just as the Chinese and Japanese don't look a second time at the child slaves of their cotton mills and other factories.

Yet he is a child slave, nevertheless. He is one of the 300,000 British children who, because they don't work in places where Factory or Shops Acts operate to protect them, can be worked without any legal limits as to hours, holidays or conditions.

If he is a lift boy, he may be working twelve hours a day or more, and snatching his food in a dank, dark cubby hole. If he is a van-boy, he may be working ninety hours a week, and bolting his lunch on a rattling tail-board. If he is an errand-boy—well, the human conscience prescribes the only limit as to what can be done to an errand-boy, and the human conscience is notoriously frail in these matters.

And so at least 150,000 of these 300,000 boys and girls working in what are known as "unregulated jobs" have to put up with conditions and hours that their fathers could not and would not tolerate. Trade unions, which see that grown-ups cannot be exploited so cruelly, have tried to speak for these child slaves of Britain, only to be told that as they are too young for trade union membership they should mind their own business.

Most of them will never be eligible for trade union membership. They are only wanted while they can be made to work the longest possible hours for the smallest possible pay.

The London County Council has joined in the fight for the abolition of Britain's child slavery. It is asking the Home Office committee, set up to consider the problem of the working child, to regulate their hours and, in the case of the youngest of them, see that all overtime is prohibited.

★ ★ ★

MEANWHILE, the various trade unions for transport, clerical, warehouse and other workers, together with such organisations as the Manchester University Settlement, are getting into the lives of these little slaves and finding things out for themselves.

Meet some of the little people they have met. There is Ernie, to begin with.

Now Ernie lives in a little house at Tooting where an alarm clock wakens him at seven every morning, when father and mother are still in bed. As the first riser, he takes them a cup of tea. Then Ernie goes whistling through

Race with "Silver Ring"

Carioca at Derby!

CHRYSLER II has accepted for both the Derby Cup and Manchester November Handicap, but unless original intentions are changed Whitaker's charge definitely runs at Castle Irwell, although the distance at Derby should suit him better.

Free Fare, winner of the November Handicap twelve months ago, is undergoing a splendid preparation for the corresponding event, and Weatherlane may miss Derby for this race.

Contrary to expectations, Carioca, one of the most handsome-looking three-year-olds in training, has accepted for the Derby Cup, and it will take Newtown Ford, Avondale and Blue Girl all their time to lower his colours. Blue Girl may be the danger to Carioca.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 19, to Wednesday, November 25. K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T

S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTE2U would read SAMMY.



These lads, who ride in Maidstone's Errand Boys' Derby, are well enough—but what of their thousands of unfortunate brothers?

the grey of morning to start work as a stable-boy at 8 a.m.

Dad is still in bed when he leaves the house. Yet at 7 p.m., when Ernie is supposed to knock off for the day, dad has been home more than an hour. And sometimes the lad is kept working until nine, ten and even eleven o'clock; sometimes, in fact, after dad has gone to bed again for the night.

There is Sid, who wears a smart uniform in a London cinema, and always looks as if he had been scrubbed and polished only a moment before.

A keener, brighter little boy than Sid you wouldn't see anywhere. Even at eleven at night, when the last film is nearing an end, he looks as fresh as when he arose for breakfast.

But that alert look, which survives the vitiated air in which he must spend half his life and meals eaten in a cramped, cupboard-like sort of room whenever he can snatch them, is actually his biggest handicap. People who don't get instantaneous service from him growl like bears. They wouldn't if they knew anything of his terrible lassitude, his whirling brain, the feeling of hopelessness he gets when he realises that he is doing far more than any of these Self-Help writers would ask an ambitious youth to do—and yet it will get him nowhere.

Gracie, on the other hand, has no ambitions. An orphan, she is all too grateful for the food and shelter that is her chief repayment for being charwoman, waitress and almost everything else except barmaid in a public-house.

She is scrubbing stairs before the first drinker arrives in the morning and clearing up after the last drinker has left at night. In front of customers she must be white-aproned, neat, vivacious. Behind their backs, patchwork stockings, sacking apron and old shoes give her the stamp of the slut.

★ ★ ★

IT would be silly to try to estimate Gracie's hours of duty. Better by far say that she is never off.

Holidays? Days off? Why, there isn't a single law of the land which says that Gracie, Ernie, Sid or the other 299,997 children in the "unregulated trades" shall have either. And what the law doesn't insist on, quite a lot of otherwise decent people see no reason to give.

Think of these cases from trade union dossiers:

A bottle-washer, fifteen years old, whose nominal hours are 8.30 to 5 p.m., is often called on to work until 10.30 and 11 p.m. Another—same age and same work—has a regular ten-hour day, which is sometimes extended until 10 and 11 p.m.

A laundry takes on girls of fourteen

to do what is generally considered to be a married woman's job. They must give up the job at eighteen, for there is no laundering job that that laundry can't get done for next to no money by mere schoolgirls.

Many railway van-boys working from 10 a.m. till 7.30 p.m. at night are yet aristocrats compared with some lads who, in addition to their van work, have to do lifting work that only men should tackle, for upwards of ten hours a day.

★ ★ ★

THESE are no isolated cases. Any trade union could supply thousands of other instances.

In fact, the Manchester University Settlement enquiry showed that of seventy-four child workers picked at random, nine of them worked until after 9 p.m. and six until after 10 p.m.

One of the seventy-four, a boy working in a cinema, put in a regular 82-hour week. A fourteen-year-old pageboy worked a 66½-hour week.

A London enquiry has shown that there are 5,000 page-boys in the capital working upwards of seventy-two hours a week. Yet the question of whether their fathers should work, forty-eight, forty or thirty-six hours a week has been discussed at international conferences.

After that—well, the Cabinet is anxious about the falling away in the health and strength of youth, appeals for an improved standard of physical fitness. And who can wonder?

NIGHT COUGH STOPPED WITH HONEY and PINE

When you are racked day and night by a cough which is wearing down your strength—just try a few doses of

'Pineate'
Brand HONEY
COUGH-SYRUP

1/6 a bottle from your chemist



Beware of
Imitations

Take It!

-And Stop Limping

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which **MUST** be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."

"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again." Etc., Etc.

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who **KNOW**, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood remedy—Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your coupon NOW—while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME

(Please print in capital letters.)

ADDRESS

"J.B." 21.11.36.

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Can YOU do this?



Join in the fun with the young folk?

If you are light on your feet, sound in wind and limb, how much happier life can be. If your blood stream is pure, digestion in order, tissues free from fat-forming poisons then you can count yourself among the really young. The secret of youth is a regular system—regular as the clock. So remember your Beechams Pills—the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years.

Yes! if you keep regular with BEECHAMS PILLS

Purely Vegetable ... *Worth a Guinea a Box*

For a "VELVET" Shave



COMPLETE OUTFIT
WITH TWO BLADES 6D

SOLD ONLY AT
WOOLWORTHS'

RHEUMATISM GET RID OF IT.

"After the second day I began to feel the benefit, stiffness going and my general feeling greatly improved. I feel no stiffness or any sign of rheumatism since taking the Urace brand tablets." Miss Chelsea.
Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33B, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/6.

GRAVES Beats the World
For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

THORNLEY A smart and beautifully tailored Coat in a splendid wearing quality Cord Velour. It is semi-fitting in style with a shaped panel back, elbow puff sleeves with novel cuffs, and is lined with super quality Art. Silk Twill to tone. The garment is mounted with a lovely striped Coney Fur collar of a rich shade & excellent lustre. The 'Thornley' is available in the shades of Bottle Green, Nigger, Navy, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38ins. Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price 35/11 50ins. Terms 4/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models. Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self-measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. & G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



4/-
Monthly



This 'Rennie' Tablet Ended GASTRIC PAINS

—and saved me £'s £'s £'s

"As I am a commercial traveller, I am not in the habit of writing long letters to manufacturers, but it would be wrong if I did not express gratitude to you. I have been suffering from a type of nervous gastric stomach for nine years, and this has made me at times feel absolutely depressed to the last degree. I spent pounds on doctors and stomach powders without results. As I call on chemists, I purchased a 6d. Rennie and was amazed at the result. I now take these after every meal, and in consequence I have yet to feel that old pain again. Naturally, I have now purchased a 19d. size—considerably cheaper in use. In confidence my age is 29, so thanks to you I have still got a good many years of enjoyment left. Really and truly I'm darned grateful to you."

K. P., Kingston-on-Thames.
Nov. 11th, 1936.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles contain highly effective antacids, which completely neutralise excess acid—the commonest cause of indigestion. In addition, these Pastilles contain absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments, which actually help to digest food. Each tablet is wrapped separately in waxed paper twist, so that you can carry a few in your waistcoat pocket or handbag. Get a packet of Digestif Rennie to-day!

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet

The Sportsman's COMPLETE SERVICE
Racing—Football—Greyhounds

BETS POST

Fixed Price Football
Six Leagues
Nothing Barred

40 YEARS REPUTATION WINNINGS RETURN

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at **FULL STARTING PRICE** or **Totalisator Returns** as desired

In accordance with rules

Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

Send Your Bets to the Big Two

Please send me particulars of your service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name

J.B. 21 11 36.

Address

Town

County

DAVID COPE
227 BATH ST. GLASGOW C2

Send for our Weekly Lists

The Editor Laughs Last

TEACHER (Guildford).—"Schoolboy football is an ordinary game." A common or garden affair, in fact.

COBBLER (Harwich).—"My workshop was completely ransacked by burglars last night." You lost your awl?

HUSBY (Evesham).—"My wife tells me that I am the light of her life." So takes good care that you don't go out?

BOXER (Wandsworth).—"I have a feeling he will beat me hollow." Have a good meal before the fight.

A. F. (Acton).—"My new house is named 'Redwood,' so I've painted the woodwork red." And made the neighbours green.

GEORGE (Manchester).—"I know a footballer who refuses to eat bacon." Because it is off side?

W. A. (Glossop).—"Although it meant five feet less garden in the front, I told the builder to commence operations." In other words, to go forward with it.

D. L. (Deal).—"A man has insured himself against marriage." He insisted that the policy should cover a substantial third-party, or mother-in-law, risk.

H. K. (Goole).—"People who are full of their own business always interest me." But surely you do not enjoy listening to your dustman talking rubbish?

D. M. B. (Bury).—"In spite of my usual generosity, I'm afraid I put a German coin in the collection last Sunday." It was foreign to your nature, then.

OWNER (Park Langley).—"There is fierce competition amongst us to see whose garden shall look the best." So you are all getting dug into it.

H. A. D. (Devon).—"It must be an ordeal for a knife-thrower when he first uses a human target." Our sympathies are with the target.

HOMELESS (Surbiton).—"When I asked the agent if he would give me the first refusal of some rooms over a shop he was very curt." He gave you a flat refusal?

P. W. (Baiham).—"A lot of lies have been told in the recent controversy about the price of gas." Thermiological inexactitudes!

GOLFER (Broadstone).—"I seem to have gone off my game, for lately I have not been able to keep my drives in the fairway." That is rough.

DISGUSTED (Weymouth).—"I bought one of their much advertised date cakes, but it was frightfully stale." It was dated the week before?

CONTORTIONIST (Baiham).—"I am booked up for the next twelve months." So you have no difficulty in making both ends meet.

MECHANIC (Birmingham).—"Have you any idea what your car of the future will look like?" Just at the moment we fear it will still look rather like the car of the past it now is.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-slips."

NEWRY REPORTER.—"... sent to prison for a month for cruelty to a cap."

THE KENTISH MERCURY.—"... without being covered by insurance for thirty party risks."

EVENING NEWS, PORTSMOUTH.—"The Committee had been asked to forward nominations and it submitted four from the employers' panel and four from the WORKPEOPLE'S panel."

THE OBSERVER.—"Her veil of old face formed a Halo."

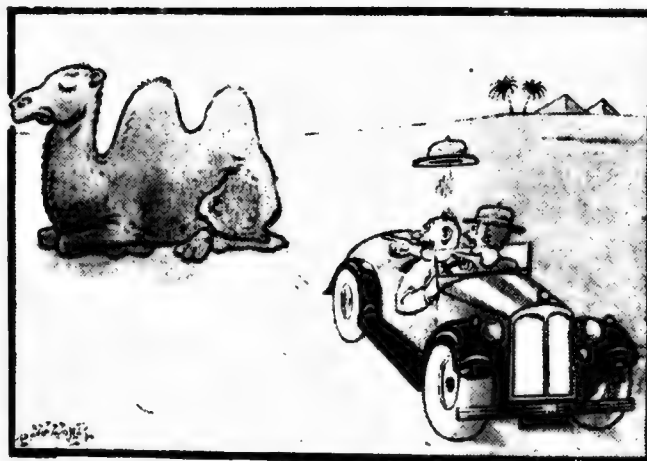
YORKSHIRE POST.—"... and I know that when a baby FRIES for what it wants."

WORCESTER EVENING NEWS.—"Instead of breaking a bottle of wine over the boys of the submarine..."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD.—"... only men with IMPEACHABLE references need apply."



C. H. (Manchester).—"My uncle does not believe in new-fangled radio sets, and always swears by his ten-year-old one-valve set." We are not surprised.



"Oh, George! did we drive over that poor animal?"
—From "The Passing Show"

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to fancies, correspondents are for your entertainment.

V. V. (Bath).—"It is true that fine feathers make fine birds." And fine bills.

S. D. (Bolton).—"As boxers go, he is absolutely square." That is why it takes him so long to come round after a bout.

HOUSE AGENT (Hammersmith).—"Although I am not a member of any institute, I make more money than many who are." An unqualified success.

PROFESSOR (Winchester).—"The game of darts is not so simple as it seems—I find it absorbingly interesting." Evidently you study its finer points.

KEY (Newcastle).—"Another man has been given my clock-winding contract, so I'm faced with the failure of my business." You'll have to wind it up, then.

B. A. (Bournemouth).—"I was really delighted to see my rich aunt about again." And we think we know what you wanted to see her about again.

BETTY (Diss).—"Do you realise that I have to go to the hairdresser's twice a week with my hair?" Well, it wouldn't be much use going without it, would it?

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (Brighton).—"For some days now I haven't had any orders worth talking about." Only marching orders.

H. H. (Colindale).—"I took my youngster to a birthday party. You should have seen how he burst in ready for the cake." And later he was ready for the burst.

M. T. (Ayr).—"Endeavouring to lift a heavy trunk gave me an attack of asthma." We are sorry to hear you had trouble with your chest.

A. Y. (Walmers).—"I own a sports ground and the police are always watching closely to make sure that there's no betting." There's always somebody on your track.

P. R. (Wimbledon).—"My cousin from the country is stopping with us, but I dread walking in the London streets with him, for he just barges along scattering people right and left." So you describe him as a "country bumpkin"?

T. R. (Carlisle).—"If I advertise for the owner of fifteen 10s. notes I found, what will I get?" A queue, probably.

ACTOR (Richmond).—"I arrived home from fishing, without my tackle." You forgot your lines.

SECRETARY (Derby).—"We had a gramophone record made of the debate." So you could listen to both sides?

DOCTOR (Carlisle).—"Germs cannot live in a house with no fires at all and open windows." Could you?

PHOTOGRAPHER (Dublin).—"I am taking up horse-riding." You should not experience any difficulty with the mounting.

FOOTBALL FAN (Grimsby).—"The footballer who gets his international cap has, believe me, more than mere ability." Cap-ability.

L. S. (Manchester).—"What would you call a girl to whom I had proposed eleven times without getting a reply?" A telephone operator?

MABEL (Wood Green).—"I met a most romantic young man at a dance, who kept on calling me 'Fair Lady.'" He was probably a "bus conductor."

B. K. (Goole).—"A good poker player can generally succeed in any business he undertakes." But a good poker player shouldn't need any business.

INTERESTED (Bournemouth).—"To while away the time I walked into a newsreel cinema and was delighted with an educational film on astronomy."—With an "all-star" cast?

MISTRESS (Frinton).—"I always treat my maids as I treat my husband." Hence the shortage in domestic help.

AUTHOR (Wolverhampton).—"I've written a story based on a banking account." We hope it isn't overdrawn.

G. A. (Glasgow).—"What can I do for a discoloured thumbnail?" Get your wife to hang the pictures in future.

G. T. R. (Cromer).—"What do you find even when you have climbed to the top of the tree?"

ROOKS.

ELECTRICIAN (Acton).—"I am running a cross-country race very shortly, and to keep fit I take a short run round the houses each morning." You make a short circuit.

R. E. J. (Barnes).—"This will be a record Christmas for the railways and Post Office." We're doing our bit to make it so by that Record *Bulletin's* Christmas Offer on pages 46 and 47. What about a 3-in-1 Gift, a Fowl, a Cake, a Turkey, a Hamper, a big Shopping Cheque, or that £1,500 and £2 Weekly Life Pension for you?

D. L. (Iver).—"Skill as well as strength are required to tear a pack of cards in half." For the bridge-player it is a feat well worth mastering, as it relieves the feeling and expresses eloquent contempt for the idiotic play of a partner.

R. D. (London, N.).—"When a stove explosion tore a hole in his bedroom wall, a London boarder dashed into the street." He is not the first paying guest who has had to leave very hurriedly on account of room rent.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

THOUSANDS USE MEDICAL SMOKE TO CLEAR BREATHING PASSAGES CLOGGED BY

CATARRH

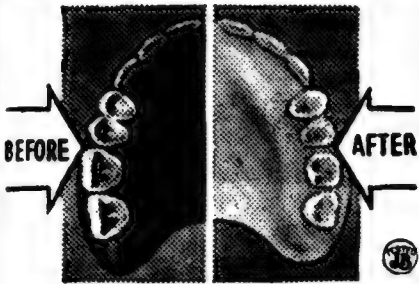


One of the simplest and most effective ways to clear the breathing passages in nose and throat when clogged up with Catarrhal Congestion or Colds, is to smoke a Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarette (no tobacco). As you inhale the heavily medicated vapours they penetrate deep through the breathing passages, loosen phlegm, soothe irritated membranes and restore easy breathing. Try this simple treatment to-day and see for yourself. All Chemists, or for **FREE SAMPLE CIGARETTES**—address: Dr. Blosser, Ltd., Dept. 121 B.P., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Now Enlarged Package—Old Price 3/6
DR. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

STAINS ON MY FALSE TEETH DISAPPEARED

WAS AMAZED AT RESULTS
OF NEW DENTURE CLEANSER



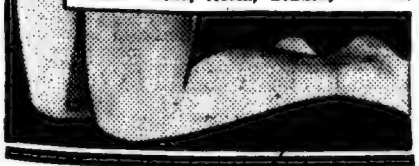
"I have used a tin of your 'Steradent' and I can certainly endorse all that you say about it. It was amazing the way the stains on my false teeth disappeared, and the delightful clean feeling when I put the plate in my mouth was something which I never had before, however much I scrubbed the dental plate. I have recommended it to several people and shall make regular use of 'Steradent' myself in future."—H.E. Dr. L. W. Sherwin, noted dental authority, has just made a remarkable scientific discovery which ensures your dentures being permanently beautiful and natural-looking—no matter how old and discoloured they may now be. All you have to do is to put your plates in water and add a little 'Steradent'. Stains and discolourations vanish like magic! Gums become a lovely, natural-looking flesh pink. Teeth regain their clean, sparkling beauty. Your dentures are freed of all slimy mucin film, food debris, and other unsanitary accumulations. A powerful sterilising agent purifies them and leaves a cool, refreshing taste. No brushing. No acids. No nasty odour. Guaranteed harmless. Dentists prescribe 'Steradent' as the best denture cleanser ever produced. Price 1/- Double size 1/5. At all chemists including Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors.

FREE TRIAL OFFER Send 1/- in stamps to cover postage and packing and receive trial supply. Steradent Ltd., (Dept. 68, V.), 10/15 Chitry Street, London, W.1.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR made my life a misery...

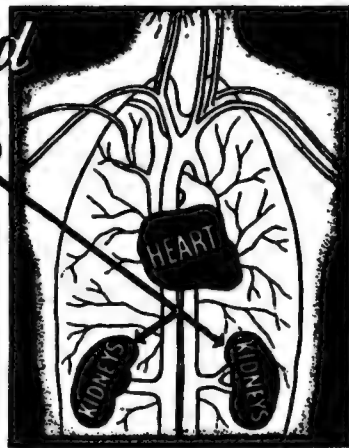


"My arms and legs were covered with a hideous growth of thick dark hair. I tried everything to get rid of it. Irritating pastes—evil smelling powders—painful electric treatments. Nothing did any good. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a chemist told me of a new discovery sold under the trade mark new 'Veet.' To my great delight it dissolved away the hair in 2 minutes. Left my skin soft, white and smooth, as if that disgusting hair had never existed. And new 'Veet' is so pleasant and easy to use; it's just a dainty scented toilet cream. Now my superfluous hair troubles are ended for ever." New 'Veet' 6d. and 1/3. By exclusive arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 32), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.



Acids in Blood— must be removed by Kidneys

Or your system
is poisoned



Your Health is Undermined and You May Suffer from Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Lack of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Leg Pains and Feel Tired and Run-Down.

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy, as an excess of acid in your blood. Most people when thinking of Acidity think of the stomach. However, the type of acidity that undermines health is that arising in the blood, and often caused by worry, overwork, fear, late hours or over-indulgence, thus placing a heavy strain or load on the kidneys. Nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids in the blood. This is accomplished by your Kidneys, the most intricate and delicate organs in your body. Each Kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 4 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, or so frequently that in a 24-hour period the kidneys actually filter and purify a barrel of blood, so that the Acids and poisonous wastes may be removed.

Causes Many Troubles.

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, recently stated: "Modern Foods and Drinks, nervous strain, worry and overwork, place a tremendous load on the kidneys. For this reason it is estimated that millions of men and women at times are troubled with poorly functioning kidneys. In fact, this condition is often the real cause of thousands of people feeling older than they should, run-down, exhausted, nervous and worn out."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every twenty-four hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned. Kidney dysfunctions often may cause many troublesome conditions, such as Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching and Smarting, Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way.

Druggists and doctors in 51 countries throughout the world think that the right way to help your kidneys work right is with the doctor's prescription Cystex, which is scientifically pre-

pared in accordance with the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys as a diuretic. For instance, Dr. C. Van Straubensee, noted European physician, stated: "I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas I have ever examined, and recommend it most highly." And Dr. C. J. Roberts, formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, states: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that excels the prescription known as Cystex." Positive proof of the merit of Cystex is in each package, which contains a complete list of ingredients, so that you can know what you are taking and be told by your doctor or chemist that Cystex is a medicine in which you can place the utmost confidence.

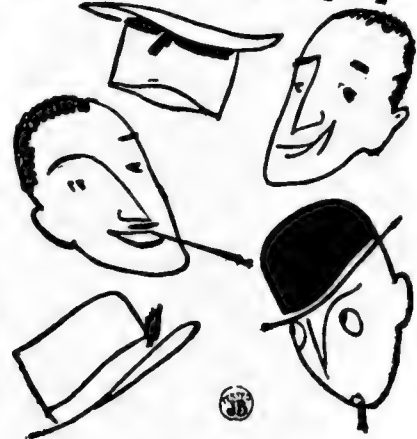
£1,000 Guarantee.

If you are run-down, worn-out, feel older than you are, or suffer from the conditions previously mentioned, poor kidney action may be the real cause of your trouble. Because of its world-wide and unusual success, Cystex is offered under a written guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. This guarantee is backed by a fund of £1,000 on deposit with the Westminster Bank, London. Under this written guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction.

48-Hour Results

With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the Kidneys. Most people report a remarkable improvement within the first 48 hours and complete satisfaction within 8 days. As the guarantee protects you completely, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs or any medicine not good enough to be guaranteed. And remember that delay may endanger your life. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (Pronounced Siss-tes) to-day.

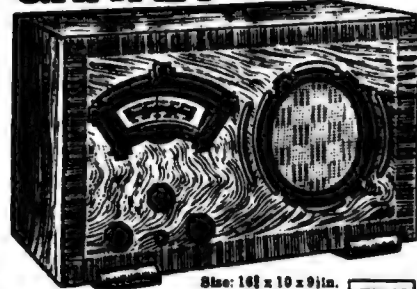
Hats Off!



Do grey hairs make you look prematurely old? There's no need to be ashamed of your elderly appearance any more. Deckers Bay Rum can banish those grey hairs and gradually restore the natural colour. Super Size bottle, double quantity, 3/- Standard Size, 1/9. Obtainable from all Hairdressers and Stores. Get a bottle to-day. OSBORNE-GARRET & CO. LTD. LONDON, W.1.

DECKER'S
hair darkening bay rum

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis, Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 3-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. 24.17.6

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. S. of Liverpool, writes:—"This is my personal opinion of your S.3. Radio. I would not change it for the best set on the market, and that is saying a lot. It has amazed all the critics, and it has amazed my wife and myself, so I am writing to give you full credit for turning out so low a consumption Radio. It is impossible to believe that a set can consume so low a power and bring in so many stations, here are a few, Berlin, Budapest, Toulouse, Normandy, and goodness knows how many more." WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT THAT

COUGH

He'd say:—

STOP IT AT ONCE



Every doctor knows the danger of even the slightest cough. Each coughing attack strikes directly at the very "gateway" of life itself! Each time you cough you strain and torture millions of tiny blood vessels in your lungs and throat. Delicate membranes get inflamed and provide a fertile breeding ground for the most deadly germs!

Yes, of course your doctor would say "Stop that cough AT ONCE!" And you can stop even the worst cough instantly by taking VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE. It acts "like lightning" . . . easing the breathing, stopping the irritation, soothing, healing and strengthening the chest and lungs. But MORE IMPORTANT STILL, VENOS arrests the development of dangerous germs.

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 11/-d, 1/5 & 3/- per Bottle

BALD PATCHES NOW HAVE THICK GROWTH OF HAIR After 1 month's use of Kotalko

My hair fell out until my head was covered with bare patches. My head was also full of dandruff. Nothing I used had the slightest effect in overcoming this until Kotalko was given a chance. After one month's use, instead of baldness, I have again the thick hair growth as shown by my photograph. No signs of dandruff and the scalp is in splendid condition. A. J. COLE.



KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

End Baldness, Stop Baldness spreading, Stop Hair Falling and Thinning, End Greyness or Dandruff.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD., 8, Fovey Street (S.F.O.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Tasting Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps. NAME ADDRESS

HERE'S ANOTHER
X-WORD PENSIONER

WHO'S NEXT?

Follow Mr. A. Lewis
of 50, Bolton Street,
Brixham, Devon, to
success and win a
Pension plus £500
This week!WIN 30 WEEKLY
FOR LIFE and
£500
OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £800ADDITIONAL
£100
BETWEEN
RUNNERS-UPUNLIMITED
SURPRISE AWARDSTo each sender of entry con-
taining only one less meritori-
ous Answer than Runners-up,
we shall forward a Special
Surprise Award.
TO BE POSTED WED., DEC. 9AND BUMPER
XMAS HAMPER

FOR EACH WINNER OF £1 OR OVER, CONTAINING

Plump Xmas Fowl, Soups,
Xmas Pudding, Cakes, Fruit,
Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crack-
ers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port,
to arrive just before Dec. 25

LAST WEEKS OF XMAS HAMPERS - Be quick for Yours!

PRESENTED on this page is the forty-second of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:-

The Editor of JOHN BULL:

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and

Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Litt.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word-submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, December 10, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword-Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENNY. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /s/ Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Friday, November 27.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all, and Entry Fee of 2s).

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 15, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CLUES ACROSS

- Child goes to school to do this
- Stylish in Chicago
- Fruit, colour or girl's name
- Marble one is a London monument
- In the centre of wreath
- Crowd is usually this when result of keenly contested election is announced
- Perform in London
- Drawing-master sometimes wants to know how pupil is this
- Bit of meat in better
- Hay for animals is kept in these
- One of ten on your feet
- It's often difficult for mariner to find this
- Starts trickily
- How street is shortened
- Beer is brewed from these
- Are made in freezing machine
- How appeal finishes
- Endures
- One looks beneath this for its identification marks
- Both ends of bamboo
- Donkey in class
- Serious one follows statesman's unwise decision
- Is sprayed on road
- You hear with it
- White one upsets some people

CLUES DOWN

- Good fire in grate burns this in time
- Head and tail of eel
- Helped
- Found in starvation and nervous
- In which some styles of women's hair-dressing are seen
- It's easy to make one start
- Hirer without anger
- Frozen water
- Bad penny is often given in this
- Neither east, west, nor south
- Get away safely
- Our new air fleets should be this
- Cricketer expects to make this at benefit match
- You see these in outfitters' windows during sale
- Husk without a centre
- We don't like one that's snub
- Adds up
- Danger
- Fat
- Man who has nest-egg in the bank is this
- Golf-club professional usually keeps this
- Punishment old lag remembers best is this
- Cook needs here regularly
- Censor puts this on some plays
- How baby says "thanks" in Malta
- Half time in action

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 42. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1936.



J.B.42

J.B.42

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

ENTRY
FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

P.O. value..... No.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 42. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1936.



J.B.42

J.B.42

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

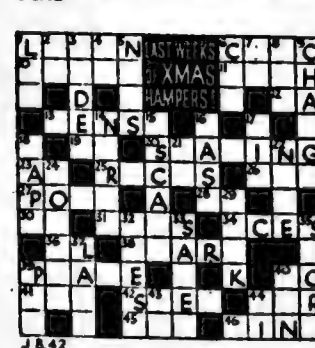
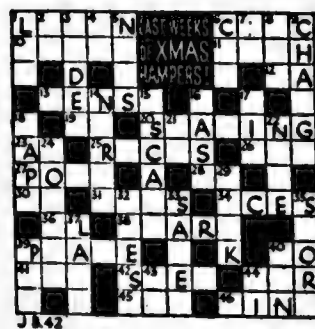
ENTRY
FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADDRESS ENTRY:

CROSSWORD NO. 42, "JOHN BULL,"
57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)COPY
SQUARESThese mini-
ature repro-
ductions of
this week's
puzzle are
only to be
used for
keeping
copies of
your solu-
tions and are
not accepted
as entries.NO CLAIMS
REQUIRED
NEWS-
AGENTS'
PRIZEA special prize
of £25 will be
awarded to the
Newsagent from
whom this com-
petition's First
Prize winner
usually pur-
chases his copy
of "JOHN BULL."
Should the First
Prize be shared,
the £25 will be
divided be-
tween shares' Newsagents.

X-WORD No. 39.



Winners on page 45

The Adjudication
Committee decided
that the most apt and
accurate Answers
used by competitors
were those seen in
the Square above.
One space is left
blank to indicate that
at this point TEAM
and TERM were re-
garded as apt An-
swers of equal merit.
Reasons for Com-
mittee's findings will
appear in next
week's "Crossword
Gazette." Secure
your free weekly copy
by using Reservation
Form on page 46.

This can be YOU



Thousands of women have found love and happiness by this simple never-failing plan. It will give you the fascinating girlish complexion that men adore. Every morning smooth all over your face and neck Crème Tokalon (White Colour, non-greasy). It gives a natural looking loveliness; makes powder spread evenly; prevents all caking or patchiness. Crème Tokalon (White Colour) contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil, with marvellous tonic and whitening ingredients. These dissolve away blackheads; tighten up enlarged pores; make the darkest, roughest skin soft, smooth and white in 3 days. Start using Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood to-day. It has helped many a girl to win the man of her heart's desire. By special arrangement with the manufacturer, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the Crème Tokalon skinfood creams for the evening, white for the day. It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 424) Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size: 18 x 10 x 9 in. **8' Monthly**

GRAVES 'V3' ALL-MAINS SET marks the biggest advance yet made in popular-price Radio. Never before has such a magnificent All Mains Receiver been offered at such a Bargain Price on terms so transparently fair. Graves Value is unequalled, and there is no better protection than the Graves Guarantee. If you have electric light, The Graves 'V3' Receiver is the Set you should buy, for it is supreme in Quality, Value & Performance, and costs little to run.

RADIO'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

Built up entirely of British components of warranted excellence and reliability, including Iron cored Multi-wire Coils, the cores being of a new pattern and of exceptional efficiency. The Moving Coil Loud Speaker has a Nitel Magnet and a new type of non-ferrous chassis, the valves are: Two High Frequency Pentodes; One High Power Output Pentode; and One robust Rectifier—all of latest pattern British make. The Cabinet, as illustrated, has a Walnut veneer front with figured centre panel, beautifully grained crossbands and neat symmetrical inlays. The Equipment is complete in every way, including Mains Cord and dual connectors (for wall plug or lamp holder); and either inside or Outside Aerial according to your wishes. There is nothing else to buy, the whole outfit is securely packed and sent Carriage Paid. Price **£7:12:0**

Terms: 8/- Monthly.

MOST IMPORTANT!—Nothing is added to the price for easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay. Write for CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

ONLY A TINY SCRATCH THAT'S HOW BLOOD-POISONING OFTEN STARTS



A scratch—a tiny cut—a small abrasion. Hardly big enough to be noticed, but big enough for dirt to enter, and, if neglected, dangerous enough to lead to hospital ward and operating table—another terrible example of the consequences of neglecting dirt's terrible dangers.

WHY-THAT'S NOTHING!

... but BLOOD-POISONING set in

Assure safety for yourself and your family. Keep dangerous dirt at bay. Wash always with Family Health Soap. Don't give dirt a chance to fester and do its destructive work. Preserve yourself from dirt dangers by using this health-giving soap, and let its soothing lather give you real antiseptic cleanliness always.

—AN ARM LOST ★ CAN NEVER BE REPLACED

Every day in OPERATION THEATRES limbs are lost which simple care could have saved

BE WISE IN TIME—SEE THAT YOU USE

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP



PREVENTION COSTS SO LITTLE!

KH 9-172 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

DOUBLE PENSION & FORTUNE WON IN CROSSWORD No. 39

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 39, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by—

MISS M. BRUNTON, "Morland," Hart Station, West Hartlepool, Durham, who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive £5 Monthly for Life, a £25 Christmas Cheque Yearly for Life and £500 Cash, or a lump sum of £850 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, November 24, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £500 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 23 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £4 7s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

With each cash Prize one of the famous "John Bull" Christmas Hampers will be awarded.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 197 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

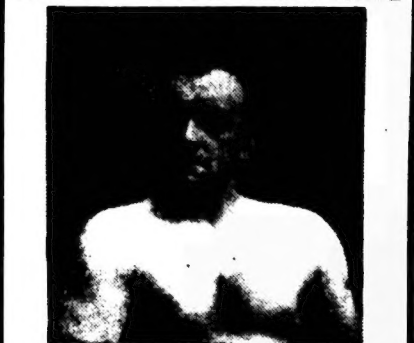
Aching Muscles

Aches and pains caused by strained, overworked muscles disappear when Sloans is applied. It penetrates instantly without rubbing, warms and soothes the afflicted tissues. Tense muscles relax; pain and discomfort vanish. Get a bottle to-day. 1/9 at all Chemists. Made in England.

SLOANS BRAND LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!

OVER **36,000** TESTIMONIALS BY ACCOUNTANTS' CERTIFICATE



H. BROOM.
The World's Premier Physical Culture Expert.

No course in Physical Culture History has ever achieved such remarkable results as "THE INTERNATIONAL COURSE" ... Editors of leading journals have acclaimed it as "THE MOST SUCCESSFUL COURSE OF ALL TIME," whilst the Editor of "Health & Strength" has truly described it as THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD by the astounding results.

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE consists of six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent, including a new type of Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser ... All-Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit.

The Course really does give bulk in development ... BIG Bulking Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals ... many pupils have added 6 inches to chest, 3 inches to biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test ... It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting ... This Course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee ... The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

Special Offer, 30/- or 1/- Weekly.

MAIL A CARD NOW FOR THESE TWO FREE BOOKS!

I have published an Instructional Book which clearly shows the surest and quickest way to Health and Strength and how to overcome Worry, Habits, Nervous and Inferior Complex ... It shows how thousands of readers just like you have been turned into outstanding personalities. ... Their Dreams have come True. The Book is FREE to every reader. You will be staggered at what this Modern Science can do ... It is more than a Physical Culture Course.



VITAL POWER
(for men only)

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

The real secrets are revealed here for the first time in my book "Vital Power" in plain unvarnished English ... Nothing is hidden and it shows you the ART OF SUCCESSFUL LIVING ... This Book is also FREE to all who write for "The International Way" without obligation.

H. BROOM

BROOM HALL
HOLDERS ROAD, HULL.
The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results.

85% OF ALL PUPILS HAVE REPORTED SATISFIED EVEN AFTER THE FIRST MONTH'S LESSON ONLY.

COUPON

To H. BROOM,
Broom Hall, Holderness Road, Hull.

Please send me without obligation your TWO FREE BOOKS, THE INTERNATIONAL WAY and VITAL POWER.

Name

Address

Please use block letters. J.B.

Bradley's

GREATEST "BULLETS" XMAS OFFER EVER KNOWN

WIN £2500 and £1500 CASH WEEKLY FOR LIFE

MIGHTY PENSION plus FORTUNE FIRST PRIZE FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS OR ONE MONSTER LUMP SUM OF 2,000 GUINEAS

Closing
Sat. Dec. 5

WIN WEALTH AND SECURITY BY XMAS!

TODAY an unparalleled array of seasonable opportunities is placed within the reach of *Bullets* enthusiasts, for before you is the finest Christmas offer ever known!

Heading the mighty prize-list is a colossal First Prize consisting of £2 Weekly Life Pension plus a fortune of £1,500 cash, with the alternative of the staggering sum of 2,000 Guineas in a single payment.

On Friday, December 18 a golden Joy Wire will bring some competitor JOHN BULL's congratulations on securing this magnificent reward for a few simple words. Settle down to the *Examples* without delay, for there is no reason why that staggering telegram should not come to you.

The next sensation in this Record *Bullets* Christmas Offer is a splendid batch of 100 big Christmas Shopping Cheques, all of which will reach their winners on Wednesday, December 23.

Next, no fewer than 1,000 entrants in this Contest will receive in good time for Christmas a giant Hamper, fine Turkey, luscious Cake or plump Surrey Fowl.

In addition to prizes totalling over 11,000, this Record Christmas Offer includes an unlimited number of amusing and useful 3-in-1 Christmas Surprise Gifts, never distributed before and of special value to would-be winners.

Study the simple instructions given, tackle the *Examples* this evening—and next Christmas may find you celebrating a Fortune-plus-Life Pension triumph!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1050.

First Prize, £500 and extra Privilege as announced:

K. F. HALLIDAY, 3, Riverdale Gardens, Twickenham Park, Twickenham.

Example: WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD
Bullet: "HOLD THY PEACE, WIFE!"

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

L. W. BERRY, 156, King's Road, Hurst, Ashton-under-Lyne.

Example: What I've Found
Bullet: Froodies, "Bubbles"—Grin, "Pin." (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

J. HORNBY, 9 Jackson Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Example: Worthy O. H.
Bullet: "Championship" "Cups" Prove Other- (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: F. G. MOLYNEUX, "Kimberley," Farnborough, Kent.
Too Old To Work—"Enemy" Winning—"Punchy," "Surrounded."

£18: W. COCKERILL, Station Road, Stallingborough, Grimsby.
Out to Help—One Out Another, Nations!

£16: F. STEVENS, "Southdale," Ambleside Road, Brierley Hill, Stalls.
What I've Found—"All Is Lost!" Unfounded.

£14: W. TEGG, 56, Roding Road, London, E.
Fishes Would Improve It—Our "Revolutionary" King Dictated.

£12: J. W. COLLINS, 9, Florence Road, Malden, Surrey.
Course Of True Love—Missus Giving, *Despite* "Lectures."

£10: L. WILLIAMS, 20, Boundary Street, Northwich.
Successful Applicant—A Point Ahead—Appointed! (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: B. GURD, Lea Green, Downton, Lymington.
Time Will Tell—Dictators—Only Time Dare!

£8: R. HEATH, "Whynott," 33, Bentley Road, Nuneaton.
New School—Eye-opener—Eyes Things Openly.

£7: L. MALIN, 76, Hunter Street, Burton-on-Trent.
Auntie's A Nuisance, But—Have You Suffered Loneliness?

£6: T. WRIGHT, 56, Glencoe Street, Hull.
Way Europe's Going—Hazardous—Hard On Us.

£5: G. DAVIS, Ellerker, Brough, Yorks.
To Stop The Racket—November "Silence"—December Carols.

£4 10s.: A. HIGGINS, "The Tufts," Bream, Glos.
Watching Britannia—Ride "Swell," Pride Swells.

£4: Mrs. D. BROWN, Kimminty, Turriff, Aberdeenshire.
Solly's Nightmare—Fascism—Fortunately, Also Britisher's.

£3 10s.: F. FORD, 58, Remer Street, Crewe.
Out To Help—Farmers—Our Member, Fox-hunting! (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£3: F. LOADER, 15, Fenton Street, Mirfield.
Grandpa Went To London And—That's Confidence Trickster's Watch!

FIVE PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

L. DORNAN, 105, Sutton Road, Hull.
It's A Boy, So—That *Books* Father's Suits.
D. MACRAE, 94, Osborne Place, Aberdeen.
Auntie's A Nuisance, But—Well-meaning And—Well, Means!

A. G. STREET, 44, College Glen, Maidenhead.
Way Europe's Going—See Britain's Not "Bound"!

F. TIBBETTS, 60, Broad Green, Wellingborough.
Said The Plumber—"My Boat Wins, Bert!"

E. W. WALLIS, 25, Bootham Crescent, York.
Grandpa Went To London And—Hasn't "Closed Mouth" Yet.

A list of 500 Surrey Fowl winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE 'BULLETS'

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, consider each *Example* separately and select, say, half a dozen on which to work.

Next you need ideas—and the *Examples* themselves will come to your aid. Each of your selected *Examples*, you will find, will suggest varied comments to your mind. Write these notions down and there you have the raw material from which to evolve your *Bullets*.

Now, each of your finished efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*. So you have next to shape your rough notes into polished *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, SWEEPING, you had scribbled down as your first thought, *Snow—Work "Down And Out" Welcomes*. After a few moments' careful consideration you could readily condense and improve this to the typical *Bullet*, SWEEPING—SNOW, BECAUSE MONEY "MELTED."

Before turning to the *Examples*, you will be wise to study the varied phrasing of the successful *Bullets* in our 1,050th Contest.

Once you have fully appreciated the good points of these winners, noting how aptly each effort fits its *Example*, you will be ready to start on your own efforts. Get busy without delay, for none of this Record Christmas Offer's thousands of prizes and unlimited Surprise Gifts can be yours unless your *Bullets* reach the Judges by Saturday, December 5.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "A/C." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,054 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,049 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. M. Drake, Newsagent, 2, Alexandra Gardens, Folkestone.

ACCEPT
48
FREE PAGES

of help with
"BULLETS" and
"JOHN BULL'S"
CROSSWORDS

USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR
CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

CHEQUES, HAMPERS, TURKEYS, CAKES *and*

100 BIG XMAS
SHOPPING CHEQUES
ARRIVING ON
WED. DEC. 23.

£100	£50	£40	£30	£20
£19	£18	£17	£16	£15
£14	£13	£12	£11	£10
£9.10s.	£9	£8.10s.	£8	£7.10s.
£7	£6.10s.	£6	£5.10s.	£5
99s.	98s.	97s.	96s.	95s.
94s.	93s.	92s.	91s.	90s.
89s.	88s.	87s.	86s.	85s.
84s.	83s.	82s.	81s.	80s.
79s.	78s.	77s.	76s.	75s.
74s.	73s.	72s.	71s.	70s.
69s.	68s.	67s.	66s.	65s.
64s.	63s.	62s.	61s.	60s.
59s.	58s.	57s.	56s.	55s.
54s.	53s.	52s.	51s.	50s.

25 PRIZES OF £2 4,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" 6,000 "STAR TARGETS"

FINAL 1000 XMAS FEASTS

ALL OF THE FAMOUS
"JOHN BULL" QUALITY

100 BIG HAMPERS
150 FINE TURKEYS
350 5lb. XMAS CAKES
400 PLUMP FOWLS

TO REACH WINNERS JUST
BEFORE DEC. 25 — PUT
YOUR XMAS DAY ADDRESS
ON COUPONS, AS NO
ALTERATIONS CAN
BE ARRANGED.

UNLIMITED 3-IN-1 XMAS SURPRISE GIFTS

TO ARRIVE ON
XMAS DAY

To every entrant from whom "John Bull" receives in one envelope 8 or more "Bullets" (4 or more coupons) all bearing same name and address, with fully addressed Gift Label, "John Bull" will present this

FINE TRIPLE GIFT

- ① Something to save you money for months to come
- ② Something to give you 1,500 laughs this Christmas and help you with future "Bullets"
- ③ Something golden in opportunity—an offer of £250 FREE, confined exclusively to XMAS GIFT RECIPIENTS.

VALUE OVER **2'** TO EVERY BULLETEER

ENCLOSE COUPON BELOW
If Sending 8 or More "Bullets" (4 Coupons)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

THIS COUPON BRINGS YOUR FREE 3-IN-1 XMAS SURPRISE GIFT

VALID ONLY UNTIL
SAT. DEC. 5. AND IF
USED AS INSTRUCTED

I enclose.....coupons (not less than 4) bearing 8 "Bullets," accompanied by P.O. as indicated upon coupons, all entered in same name and address. Please despatch my Free 3-in-1 CHRISTMAS GIFT to my full Christmas Day address as below:

NAME

FULL ADDRESS

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,054)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT., Dec. 5.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	
Address		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,054)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT., Dec. 5.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	
Address		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,054)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT., Dec. 5.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	
Address		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,054)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT., Dec. 5.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	
Address		

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.
Address Entry: "Bullets," No. 1,054, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Oomp.)

Why let RHEUMATISM get a Hold

RHEUMATISM starts in the joints. When you get up from a chair you feel a twinge in your knee, when you lift something there's a pain in your elbow.

Don't wait until Rheumatism gets a hold, but start at once to counteract it with Bile Beans.

These fine vegetable pills purify the blood, successfully break up acid formation, and daily eliminate poisonous toxins, which are the root cause of rheumatism.

This Winter if you want to keep free from rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago and backache, don't forget the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly.



"My legs and feet were often swollen with rheumatism and I dreaded the approach of cold, wet weather. The nightly doses of Bile Beans have brought splendid relief. Not only have they cleared the poisons out of my system and made me active and energetic again, but they have improved my health beyond words."—Mrs. E. K., Retford.

"Rheumatism in the right shoulder, arm and knee caused me years of suffering. My joints were stiff and the pain, especially at night, was excruciating. Bile Beans have removed the pains in a marvellous manner. I now sleep better at night than for years."—Mr. W. C. L., Edinburgh.

"I had rheumatism in the arms and shoulders for three years. Soon after I began to take Bile Beans I felt the benefit. Now, Bile Beans have practically removed my rheumatism. I am again able to get about in comfort and sleep well at nights."—Mrs. A. E. T., Bath.

BILE BEANS

PREVENT AND OVERCOME RHEUMATIC PAIN